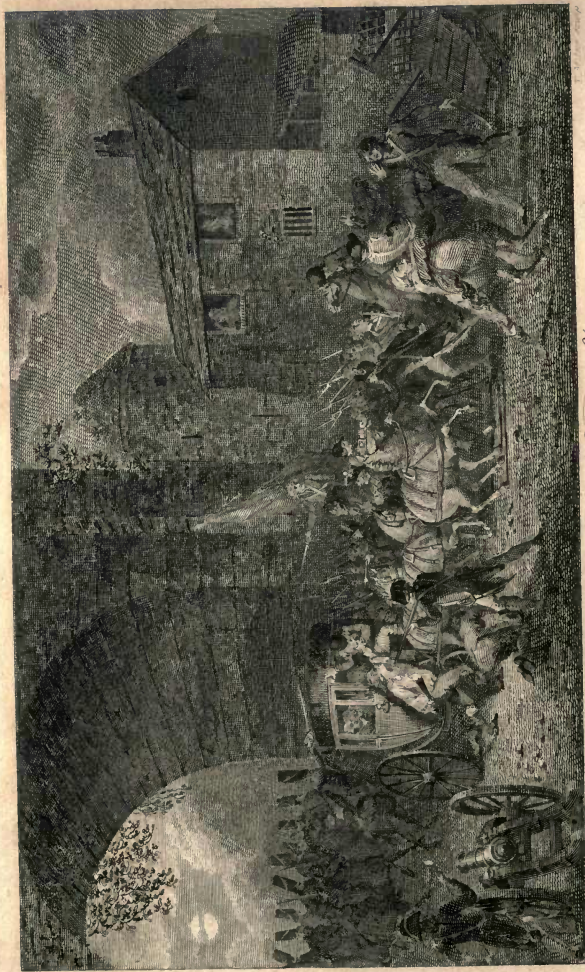


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*Capture of Louis XVI. at Varennes, June 21, 1791.
London: Printed for J. Debrett, in Piccadilly, June 2 1792.*

L E T T E R S

FROM

P A R I S,

DURING

THE SUMMER OF

1791..

By the Rev.^d Stephen Weston.

Liberté, liberté, à Paris on t'a mise ;
D'un Roi le voisinage est souvent dangereux :
Preside a tout etat où la loi t'autorise,
Et restez-y, si tu peux.

VOLTAIRE.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR J. DEBRETT, PICCADILLY, AND
W. CLARKE, NEW BOND STREET.

M.DCC.XCII.

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ERRATA.

Page 124, last line, prefix ———,

147, l. 5, read *to Mons.*

149, l. 12, r. *le juger.*

155, l. 1, r. *Phœdria.*

—— l. 8, r. *hijf.*

248, l. 13, r. *comme un adverb.*

277, l. 3, r. *buz.*

288, l. 17, r. *infames.*

336, l. 12, r. *thing.*

337, l. 4, dele comma after *Revolution.*

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INTRODUCTION.

THE following Letters were written at Paris in the months of June, July, August, September, and October, during the time between the King's flight from his capital, and his signing and acceptance of the new Constitution. All the interim, between the Monarch's absence and his return, it was conceived in gene-

A

ral,

ral, would be so big with tumult and disturbance, that few strangers were hardy enough to think of going to Paris, though it were to be eye-witnesses of so novel a sight, as that of a Grand Monarch brought back to his capital, like a wild beast in a string, amidst the groans and hisses of an indignant populace.

The tumults, however, and commotions, which it was naturally supposed would take place in the French metropolis on the abdication of royalty, existed more in the imaginations of foreigners than within the walls of Paris ;

Paris ; that illustrious capital suffered not the nature of an insurrection on the secession of its Monarch. Within four-and-twenty hours of his flight, the wits began to make epigrams on the vacant Throne, and the Knights of the Palais Roïal, to return with perfect serenity to the contemplation of their favourite colours, *rouge & noir*. This was the case even before it was known that the King was taken, but as soon as that fact was ascertained, they began to pasquinade his Majesty for want of courage, and the following

verses were handed about among many others :

Dame nation joue au piquet avec la noblesse,
Celle-ci joue de guignon, l'autre triche sans
cesse ;

Mais malgré son malheur pour elle je parie,
Il ne lui faut qu'un Roi de cœur pour gagner la
partie.

Louis Seize was taken in his coach by the Mayor of Varennes, through the great resemblance of his Majesty to the royal portrait on the national paper. The fugitive Monarch was caught most unfortunately *en fouriciere*, in the precise manner that his royal brother-in-law recommended to General Dalton, to take
his

his disobedient and rebellious subjects. But still, it should seem, had his Majesty even here put on the King, and made the slightest stand on getting out of the carriage, and called to his horse to support him, “ *A moi Dragon,*” all his followers, to a man, insist upon it, that he might still have reached the frontier: but fortunately for the country, however otherwise for his brothers and cousins, the King made no resistance, and quietly ordered his coachman to turn his horses heads back the same way that they came.

His Majesty had no sooner passed over his own bridge, (for he came by the way of the new Boulevards, purposely to avoid the crowds assembled on the old) and was safely lodged in the Thuilleries, than the Party began to try experiments, weave plots, and have recourse to stratagems for his enlargement.

The city of Paris, however, was kept in hot water all the time between his Majesty's ungracious return, and his gracious acceptance of the new Constitution, which conferred on him more power, I may say, and more
in-

influence, than he ever before was in possession of. He was guarded, nevertheless, as if he had been in a Bastile, or the dungeon of Vincennes, before the arrival of the important moment when he was to pronounce on his own future destiny.

But I say no more, lest I be found transcribing the Letters in the Introduction to them ; since they are too short to permit of an epitome, and too few to suffer an abridgement.

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LETTERS, &c.

LETTER I.

Dover, June 1791.

TO begin a letter to a friend, with whom we have been accustomed to live in the habits of intimacy, is no more than to continue a conversation, however long it may have been interrupted, or at whatsoever distance of time or space taken up. The last words of a favourite voice still hang upon the ear, and bring back to your recollection every thing that preceded them, in the whole, or in parts, like the perfect air, which Rousseau tells

us, having once heard with the advantage of a full band, he carried away with him, and repeated at pleasure in his closet. O ! that I could have prevailed upon you to have accompanied me ! but I forbear to reproach, though you must allow me to say, how much I lose in losing your society ; and to what a sad expedient I am reduced, to be obliged to commit to paper observations which owe their merit to surrounding circumstances, to accidents which cannot be preserved, and to lights and shades that cannot be delineated. Thus it will happen, that what delighted me more than any thing I have seen, may please you less, were you to visit the spot with my letter before your eyes. I remember well, hearing of some one being very much disappointed, that he found so little resemblance between the painted scenery of the Wye, and

and the real. “Why surely,” says he, with Gilpin’s book in his hand, “the man has never been here; the lights, the shades, the distances are all at variance; it is not the same thing: no, certainly not; Claude, or Rousseau, or any good observer of nature, could have told him, that all the elements are different at different hours of the day, and in different states of the atmosphere.”

I arrived at this place last night, and put off my passage till to-day at noon, wishing to take a cursory view of the fortifications, (begun by one Board of Ordnance, and finished by another) which, I suppose, it is possible to demonstrate, are very fit and proper for their place, though it is less apparent to a vulgar eye. The remains of the old tower,

called the Tower of Julius Cæsar, gave me infinite satisfaction ; it is built with layers of stone and tile, and the tile is grooved or scored on the under side, in order to receive the mortar on which it is laid. I shall say a word more on this subject, probably, before I have done, in order to found a conjecture on the age of this relic of antiquity.

The curiosities of the Castle are chiefly baronial ; the horn, the bell, the sword of state, the spurs, &c. the vertebræ of of an animal, were found nearly at the bottom of the well, or within two fathoms of the sea shore. The plants that occur at this time in the neighbourhood of the Castle are interesting to a botanist, especially if he can find any of the scarce ones in his short excursion from the inn, before the tide serves to carry him over ;
for

for it is never worth while to risk losing sight of the grand object for the sake of a digression, which may be made as well at another season ; lest you should resemble the man, who, with some difficulty, having clambered to the top of a high mountain to see the sea, and a fleet of ships, suffered his eyes to be rivetted to the ground in search of a scarce and diminutive object of nature, till the fleet was out of sight.

Ever your's.

LETTER II.

Calais, June 1791.

I HAD a very pleasant passage to this place of four hours, and got to Calais in good time to dine in the garden, and on the ground-floor; I need not tell you, that there is no dining-place with us more delightful in a fine day than Defsein's garden, whether at Shuter's-hill, or Salt-hill, or any of the hills, I know of none that can compare with it. There is not the smallest idea of an inn in this charming place; an air of magnificence and private property reigns through the whole; you appear to yourself to be paying a visit to a great Prince, who has allotted

allotted you a suite of apartments that look upon a pleasant parterre, such as Jean Jacques describes, *frais, vert, paré, orné, fleuri, arrosé*; in short, *le bout du monde* *paroit être à votre porte*, you seem to have touched at the Hesperides, and wish to set up your staff, at least for a week. Such is the impresson this enchanting spot had made upon me, when I was roused from my fit of admiration by the sound of fiddles and a drum, and ran out into the street to inquire what it meant, and at the gate of the outer court I found four blind men, three violins and a drum, in procession round the town on the eve of the *Fête-Dieu*; the musicians were all of one family, and all brothers, and their conductors collected farthings and halfpence for them from the crowd that followed them. I returned back again into my apart-

ment, and walking towards the Theatre, which faces the garden-front of the Hotel, I found there was no play till the next day, and I had nothing to do but to go round the town, and call at the convents, and walk into every religious house I should find open. The French houses are at this season very agreeably decorated with parterres, which, you know, are, for the most part, at their windows, and, like the gardens of Adonis, in pots, transportable to any part of the house. The articles that compose these are of the choicest kind ; double pomegranates, double neriums, myrtles, pink-flowering, coxcomb, and bird's nest ; bedetrees, with spikes of flowers at least twelve inches long, and sweet-scented gales. These you may find every where, indeed the grenadiers, and the lauriers-roses, appear to thrive even at Calais much better

better than with us, and are much easier to propagate, if we may judge from the quantity we see of them, and the moderate price they bear in the flower-markets. Having made the tour of the ramparts, I went to the convent of the Capuchins; on the ramparts I found an alley of elms, which had been planted but five years, and seemed to have grown altogether as fast as poplars; the leaf is large, and very rough, and is distinguished vulgarly by the *elm à grosses feuilles*: I have seen this elm very commonly in nurseries, but I never had an idea of the quickness of its growth. The soil is a light sand.

I went to the Capuchins to visit the last man of the society, the Warden (*Gardien*), who having seen all the orders out, leaves the house the last.

He

He has one brother with him, who follows his fortunes, and stays or goes with his commanding officer.

I went next to a convent, where there has been no change of persons, with the change of politics, but solely of property. The fair possessors are not quite so well endowed as they were some little time ago; and yet not one of these Dominiquin ladies chuse to quit their hold of the monastery, but wish to remain pensioners of Government, in the perfect enjoyment of their religious habits, tranquil and undisturbed, with full liberty

“ To count their beads, to live in cloisters damp,

“ To fast and pray, and trim the midnight lamp.”

In the garden of the Capuchins, which was rented by an inhabitant of Calais,
I found

I found a number of scarce hot-house and green-house plants, which came from Gordon's and other nursery-men in London. The possessor seemed to take great delight in cultivating them, and wished much to propagate his favourites, which were fuchsia, and heaths of various sorts. Against the walls of the convent was an immense cherry-tree loaded with fruit, but good for nothing, and perfectly abominable: the tree had been raised from a stone, (admire the industry and intelligence of the Monks) and never grafted. Surely this tree is an emblem of the order, that grows fast, shoots luxuriantly, runs to leaf and to branch, but bears no fruit that can be eat, produces no timber that can be used. The previous question should have been asked long ago, *Why cumbereth it the earth?*

earth? Cut it down.—Adieu. To-mor-
row I go to St. Omer's, as soon as the
gates shall be open, that is, after the pro-
cession.

Ever your's.

LET-

LETTER III.

St. Omer's, June 1791:

BEFORE I left Calais, the news of the King's escape from the Thuilleries was arrived, and I thought proper to hasten my departure, lest, in case of its being confirmed, I might be detained two or three days at Delfein's against my inclination. The rumour was, however, as yet but faint, and no orders were issued, and I met with no interruption. Between Calais and Ardres the road is flat, and the corn lands and the meadows diversify the face of the country but little, though their relative state and condition is totally different, according to the
zeal

zeal and industry of the different proprietors : sometimes, for a mile together, you ride through corn lands without a weed, and fields which seem to shoot under your eye like the grass at Rosca ; in other places the wheat is so overgrown with poppies, so interspersed with blue bottles, and the meadows so choaked with wild botany, that they have more the appearance of lands in a state of nature, than in a state of cultivation. Le Champ du drap d'Or is on the left hand before you get to Ardres. It is impossible to pass this spot of gallant chivalry, which is now no more, without a variety of pleasing reflections ; for instance, you think immediately of Burke, and the Antiquarian Society : the first flatters the imagination, the second satisfies the judgement ; the one presents you with all the riches of the memory,

for

for poetry is allied to chivalry, the other teaches you the art which is the masterpiece of history, *L'Art de verifier les dates*. With the one you riot in the harmonious images of *Ælla*, with the other you become acquainted with *Ceolwulf* and *Tatwallin*. *Utrum mavis accipe*. Between *Ardres* and *La Recouffe* the lands are manured with marl, and look rich and fat.

I saw nothing more worthy of remark, till I arrived at the long alley which conducts you into the prison—city of *St. Omer's*; for so I think all fortified places, and all frontier towns, may fairly be called: when you are within, and the bridge is let down, you are bastilled, if I may be allowed the expression, at least for the night, and, in times of dread and suspicion, for the day

too. St. Omer's is something like Oxford, if you can suppose that Oxford had two other streets parallel to its high street, of equal dimensions. The breadth of the great street at St. Omer's is nearly twenty paces; its length is very considerable, and it has something of that fine bend in it which we so much admire at Oxford. The churches of all the religious houses are shut up, and the courts are for the most part overgrown with grass, the turrets begin to moulder, and the picture is altogether as the author of the Concubine paints it:

“ On Desmond's mould'ring tow'r,
 “ The trembling rye-grass, and the hair-bell blue.”

This throws one back two hundred years, and the abbeys of Tintern and Glastonbury rush into your mind, and rise up before your eyes perfect in all their parts.

parts. The soft sensations of melancholy throw a pleasing calm over the senses, while you are occupied in contemplating the great changes of things, and are an eye-witness of the operations of fortune,

“ That Goddess blind,
“ Who stands upon the rolling, restless stone.”

As an uninterested spectator in a place of safety, you may contemplate the troubled sea at your ease, but should you be, like Virgil's hero, *pars magna*, as well as an ocular witness of a great Revolution, you will find that it will require no small degree of fortitude to stand the shock, and no inconsiderable share of virtue to preserve a consistent character, and merit the praise of antiquity ;

——Virtutibus ille
Fortunam domuit.

Ever your's.

C

LET-

L E T T E R IV.

Lisle, June 24.

FROM St. Omer's, where I was well fed and well lodged, my road lay through Cassel, which is situated on an eminence, and possesses an extensive and commanding view of the French and English coast, the Channel and Dover Castle, and many of the fortified places in Flanders. Indeed, it is almost the only mountain, properly so called, in the whole of this country belonging to the French. I said, I was well fed and well lodged, this is generally the case, as the French excel in cookery, and in every thing that relates to the kitchen, they are always at home. The
pro-

proverbs says; *Trois François, deux cuisiniers*. The price, however, in the provinces of a decent table, is no longer surprisingly cheap. At St. Omer's, symptoms appear of a change of country; the signs are here and there in Flemish, and the short pipes put you in mind of Holland. You hear Flemish spoken continually on the road to Lille, though not one word when you get thither. The only signs I could perceive as yet of the Revolution, were in the big look and fierce regard of the civil foldier, the national recruit, and the municipal officer; all these gentlemen were exact and scrupulous in the exercise of their office, not to say rude and officious in the discharge of their duty; the contrast was great between the stile and address of the old and new system; between the flattery of *a qui ai je l'honneur de parler*, and the brus-

querie of *votre nom*, *d'ou venez vous*, *ou allez vous* ? Then on the road you were fure you were in a country newly fet up, and proud of its liberty ; can you believe it ? The peasants refused to turn out for the poft royal, and would not even touch their hat to the poftillion. I own I was fhocked at this, much as I hate defpotifm, and the only comfort I have to give you is, that thefe instances of extreme verfatility were not of conftant occurrence.

Caffel is a tedious ftage from St. Omer's, but you are repaid when you get to the top of the hill. There is fomewhat of an epigrammatic turn in the inhabitants of this eminence, one would think the height of their fituation made them fee things in a new light. The landlord, for inftance, faid—that Caffel was the higheft mountain in the world, *à l'exception d'elle-même* ;

même ; et la fille convenoit qu'elle étoit très jolie, quand elle étoit toute seule. The news of the King's flight having reached St. Omer's before I left it, I was obliged to obtain a permission to leave the town, and before I got to Cassel I was stopped by the patrole, which suffered me to go on without a passport to Cassel and Bailleul ; but here I was obliged to sue humbly, though not in vain, for a power to proceed. The municipality detained me only an hour, and then sent me on to Lisle. The road the whole way to Lisle is through broad avenues terminated by parish-steeple, the trees are limes, elms, poplars, willows, and in the lands on both sides are poppies, corn, and cabbage, that is Colfat, which is a Brassica or Choux, and furnishes oil for the lamp. Pigeons are extremely rare in this country ; the first flock I saw was on the other

side of Lisle. Sheep are by no means abundant, now and then you see a wretched flock feeding on the short bite by the side of the ditch. Nothing, however, can exceed the beauty of the road the whole way to Lisle, whither I arrived at the most critical point of time possible, just when it was suspected that the castle had been sold, and was to be delivered to the King's friends; and at the moment, when they knew the King was fled, and before they had received the news of his being stopped. As soon as I came to the suburbs, I delivered my passport at the first guard-house, and was suffered to proceed to my inn with two soldiers, one on each side of the carriage; I could see, as I passed through the town, that the ferment of the people was very great. It was now five o'clock, and on getting out of my carriage at the inn, I was required to attend

attend the municipality at the town-hall, and the master of the inn was obliged to accompany me. Here my passport was examined in two or three different committees, and I was told that no new one would be granted me to continue my journey, even to Paris, unless some one would answer for me. The master of the inn knew nothing of me, and I was obliged to acquiesce and retire. At eight arrived a courier to say that the King was detained at Varennes. The face of affairs was now materially changed, and on a second application I had no difficulty to obtain permission to leave Lisle the next day, and proceed on my journey, provided I went to Paris.

There never was a greater change worked in the course of five minutes in the

looks and gestures of any people, than in the inhabitants of this place on the arrival of the messenger from the National Assembly. The whole town I may say, that is, an immense crowd, was collected together in the great square before the town-house, all apparently fullen, and discontented, and full of suspicion, endeavouring from time to time to force their way into the court of the Hotel de Ville, which the guards at the gates had some difficulty to prevent. The great fear of the people was, that the castle would be surprized, and the assignats fall 50 per cent. before the next day. But as they had no distinct idea of what was to befall them, their trepidation was the greater, *major est ignotarum rerum timor*. I was contemplating this representation to the life of a troubled city, when on turning
my

my head round I saw a courier advancing through the crowd towards the town-house, as fast as the waves of the people could retire on both sides to make a lane for him. The messenger rode immediately into the court of the Hotel de Ville, and very soon after the municipality came out to declare that the King was stopped at Varennes, and on his road back to Paris. But the courier had told the tale long before, and the transition from the deepest dejection to the highest elevation, had already taken place. The whole square formed itself into a ring, and danced round like an Indian tribe, with a hoop and a halloo. All at once you saw five hundred hats in the air, and the place re-echoed with screams of joy. These frantic exultations continued till eleven at night, and the town was in a blaze,

blaze, illuminated through all its streets.
I retired to bed well pleased at the turn
things had taken in my favour.

Ever your's,

LET-

L E T T E R V.

THE road from Lille to Peronne is through avenues and corn fields, interspersed with the august and imposing remains of Benedictine Convents, the one more magnificent than the other: St. Vas à Arras, St. Troye, and the Convent à Mont St. Quentin near Peronne. The traveller is always delighted when one of these magnificent edifices bursts upon his view with all its old hereditary trees and welcome shades, and cannot but feel a regret, when he sees the instruments of destruction hanging by a thread over their heads, and threatening immediate demolition. But, unfortunately for the
tribe

tribe of painters, poets, and theorists of sentimental feelings, the case is not exactly the same, as when avarice dismantles, or when extravagance strips off the lead from the paternal roof, or robs the dryads of their shade. The unalienable rights of monachism should long ago in every country have been branded in the forehead with a public advertisement, and passed like the field of Achæmenides into the hands of Menippus. The French have been called good architects at pulling down, or more intelligibly, architects of destruction, but in every thing that relates to monastic demolition, they undoubtedly deserve the praise of their favourite Voltaire in his *Guerre de Genève*.

Bâtir est beau, mais détruire est sublime.

The approach to Arras is very fine, and the entrance into the city will be much more commodious than it formerly was ; for it is not yet quite finished ; over the gate is an inscription,

Quand les Anglois prendront Arras,

Les fouris mangeront les rats.

The resemblance of this place to its ancient name of Atrebatum is but small, and not greater than to itself in former times, when it gave its name to a manufacture of tapestry, of which it was the inventor. Thus it is with Delft, and with D'Ypres, whose ingenious discoveries in pottery, and the art of making table-linen, (on which Swift is so unseasonably pleasant) have been surpassed long since by other rival cities, which have carried off all the glory, and left nothing but the shade of
a name

a name to the invention. On entering the town I was conducted by a guard to the Hotel de Ville in order to be passed on to Peronne.

I saw nothing remarkable here but the livery of the committee, which made me smile on account of its resemblance to the favourite game which prevails in this country, *rouge et noir*. The seam of the back divided the colours like a field in heraldry, party per pale, and hence I presume comes the compound epithet party-coloured, by which we distinguish our footmen. The state of the houses in this country is laid in a superior style of beauty and durability, and looks more like tessellated work on an inclined plane, than any other sort of covering. At Saily, which is the last post before you come to Peronne, is a religious house of
 confi-

considerable extent, finely situated, belonging to the Augustin friars, which no doubt will sell well, when it comes to the hammer. Peronne is in sight, and I am now passing a convent of Benedictines situated on a rising ground, which commands the town. The setting sun is playing on the waters that surround and protect this fortification, which has ever been impregnable, and on which Spain, in all its attempts, could make no impression; it has been said, because she did not know how to attack it. The ramparts are peopled with ladies who are walking or sitting beneath the trees planted on the bastion.

Ever your's.

LET-

LETTER VI.

Peronne.

AMONG other distinctions and high titles of impregnable and invincible, Peronne claims the honour of having for its deputy, a great though unsuccessful orator, a man of constant courage and unwearied zeal, the Abbè Maury. For firmness no stoic e'er surpassed him. Not the Thirty Tyrants, not the National Assembly, not the voice of Mirabeau thundering from the tribune, could ever shake him from his purpose. The cause in which he was engaged, though his own, afforded him no support, it was weak and tottering, and derived no prop from
its

its own intrinsic worth, but had been held up too high upon the stilts of pride and credulity, ignorance and superstition. It required no voice from heaven to foretell that such a foundation must be washed away whenever the storm should fall upon it: and washed away it fairly is, so that it is now not easy to say where it stood. The mitred front that was exalted in the presence-chamber, is banished to its own palace, which, in order to eke out a wretched pittance, it is obliged to share with the public. (The Bishop of Beauvais has lately petitioned the National Assembly to permit him to let out a part of his episcopal palace) But it is not the Bishop only and the Archbishop that have been thus humbled and reduced from forty lacqueys to four; there is nothing wrong, essentially wrong in this, and we may say in some cases *à la bonne*

D

heure,

heure, encore passe! But the misery is that the degradation is general, where the exaltation was only partial; they are all degraded, but they were not all preferred, for I must call it a degradation to have their lands taken from them, though they may be pensioned in return with a few pounds more than their own impropriation might have produced; and I see no difference between the claim of Ahab to the vineyard of Naboth, and the right of any Assembly to the arbitrary purchase of a life-estate for a price.

The church of France, without all doubt, wanted a thorough reform, and as the benefices of the church became vacant, they should have been retrenched; but to read the sentence first, and hear the cause afterwards, is too much like the judgement of Rhadamanthus to be en-
 z dured

✓ dured in an age of freedom, and under
 the banner of liberty, and yet without
 this summary process, there could have
 been no Revolution in France. Grant, if
 you please, that some good may accrue to
 some individuals, and by this resumption
 of ecclesiastic property, here and there
 the repartition may increase a certain in-
 come five, ten, or twenty pounds a year;
 ✓ yet there is no indemnification for the loss
 of the fig-tree and the vineyard which I
 called my own; for I cannot call the
 house which has been thrown back reluc-
 tantly, or the garden which has been
 yielded with a bad grace to the prayers of
 importunity; I cannot look on this or
 that, I say, as any thing more than the
 petty privilege of the pensioned tenant of
 every alms-house. For the property is all
 gone, the lifehold, copyhold, the freehold
 is no more, and you have no hold left,

but the hold of a petitioning beggar upon a man who wants what he has engaged to give you, to pay his own household, and then the chaplain is always forgot. If all this fail, and you are moved by none of my arguments, you must allow that the hardship is great, where any one, who has been bred up in habits of liberality and independence, has spent his own property to obtain an indelible profession, shall, by an *ex post facto* law, be deprived of that independence, and still be prevented from acquiring any other by a change of profession. It would be better to be even the gaudy Swiss, the door-keeper of a church, than an officiating minister on such terms. Why should the church, which is the eldest sister, (onction à part) be thrust down below law and physic; it is not possible for the man of the church, who has paid for his edu-

edu-

education, is no child of charity, and has equal pretensions to wealth and celebrity with other professions, to vault like a rhyming poet in spite of his fetters : poverty stands in his way, and is the eternal link which will chain him to the dust, and effectually prevent his rising, though ever so slowly : add to all this, that misfortune will make him ridiculous, and ridicule in its turn will make him unfortunate. The dilemma is equally wretched on both sides. In this capucinade for the church I have lost sight of the Abbé, but I trust I shall find him again at Paris.

Ever your's,

L E T T E R VII.

UPON coming out of Peronne I thought myself in a cyder country, as the road on both sides were lined with apple-trees, but without fruit ; I am told that the cyder of Picardy is better than that of Normandy. The variety of apples is, certainly, they say, greater in Normandy, which ought to make the cyder better, but the skill in afforting the sweets and the fours makes a total difference in the manufacture. The corn-fields in this country are bordered with Venus's looking-glass, an English plant, which produces an effect infinitely more gay and less formal than thrift or daisy, or Siberian

rian primrose. In the same place I observed a toad-flax of a deep pompadour colour, which, without any additional culture, might be introduced in its present state into the richest parterre. The different species of this plant are very common in our gardens, but I never recollect to have seen any so ornamental in its natural state as the one in question. This plant particularly engaged my attention, as it was the first I had seen by the road-side, (which is all the traveller can see) between Calais and Roye, that was not of English production, a distance of, at least, one hundred and twenty-five or thirty miles. Between Bois le Liheu and Pont St. Maxence, I saw, for the first time, a hedge-row of oaks, since I left my own country; for the avenues are planted with limes, elms, and poplars, and this tree, to which

we are so much accustomed, is not often found in the high roads. At Pont St. Maxence is the chateau of Monf. De Villette ; the grounds are laid out à l'*Angloise*, and though a dead flat, and a deep sand, they appear to want neither variety nor fertility : near the house is a very thriving little vineyard on a sand hill, which is the only rising ground I could see within a considerable distance of the mansion. I could not help thinking myself for a moment in the gardens of Count Bentinck at the Hague. The *entours* of the house are planted with taste, and the offices well hid ; near the house, perhaps, the pruning-knife might be applied to advantage, particularly on the south-east side. The garden and the poultry-yard, I make no doubt, are highly productive, and, as the possessor resides at Paris, a green cart full of poulardes, vegeta-

vegetables, fruit, and much game, goes loaded every Saturday to the Quay des Theatins. The principal front of the house has a charming view of the new bridge at Pont St. Maxence, and the amphitheatre of hills beyond it; the grounds round the house produce abundance of monk's hood, and scarce any other plant. The distance from this place to Paris is nearly thirty miles, the road lies through Senlis, which the expeditions of the Court from Versailles to Compiègne kept constantly alive, and raised the price of its eatables. In the present dearth of royal custom, the place is reduced to the usual casualties of other less noble thoroughfares; to its manufacture of Sabots, to its miraculous fountain, which has the singular property of rendering those who drink its waters habitually, toothless, owing
to

to a cause which remains to be examined; it should seem, however, that the inn-keepers never drink of this water but sparingly, as they have always retained the faculty of nibbling at every traveller who stops at their houses. Just before I arrived at Senlis, I saw some fine beeches for the first time since I left Dover. The road from Paris to Senlis is not better served than from Peronne to Senlis, and though the posts are said to be shorter, you gain no advantage in time. The approach to the capital from the north is much embellished by the new St. Genevieve, the French Pantheon, with its beautiful cupola, and its fine inscription in the manner of the ancients.

Aux grands hommes la Patrie reconnoissante.

I am now arrived at the gate of St. Martin, and at length set down at my hotel.—Adieu.

Ever your's.

LET-

LETTER VIII.

Paris, June 28.

HERE I am at Paris, the emporium of novelty, in laws, manners, and religion. The first thing I did was to send to the *Rue Rousseau* ; but alas ! no letters. The King is come back, and the thousands that went out to meet him, but the post is not arrived that tells me you have not forgot me. *Comment donc—*

Vous ne m'écrivez pas : vous avez oublié
Qu'une lettre souvent console de l'absence.

Convient-il donc à l'amitié

De garder un triste silence ?

L'Anxiété, comme femme, a le droit de jaser,

Et son babil d'ailleurs tient à son ame :

L'Amour est différent, son éloquente flamme

Au grand jour craint de s'exposer.

But

But no delay of your's, no neglect shall seduce me from that charming duty, which is the refuge of the unfortunate, and the certain consolation of the exile. ✓

I make no doubt, but that your first letter will tell me, over and over again, that I am mad to go to Paris in the dog-days, where Sirius rules the sky in good earnest, not as with us, in the almanack only, where he may be mistaken now and then for Aquarius. But to have done with all that, and much more that might be said on the subject ; for instance, that the streets are narrow, that the houses are high, that every door has its dung-heap, and that the people are no longer amiable. I do not mean to answer these objections in detail, but shall only observe, that there are parts of this crowded city, with its narrow streets and high houses, where a stranger might cry out
with

with Livy, *Non me urbem visurum, sed quandam cœli partem, aut fragmentum delapsum*—that the heat is as easily kept in subjection here as elsewhere, and the coy nymph Aura will come if she be courted—that I speak of the bridge that bears me, as I ought, and that I have no hatred for a French metropolis. The King came back yesterday, with his three body-guards on a coach-box, in a state of perfect freedom, neither chained nor tied, as probably you may hereafter be told. His Majesty was asked, how they should be disposed of, and he said, “Put them “on the box.” It does not appear, that many people were in the secret of the King’s escape; the three guards composed the whole of his suite, and yet it is not a little singular, and worth observing, that the *Journal, L’Ami du Roi* ceased the 21st of June, the day the King went off
at

at two in the morning, and did not appear again till the 29th, the day or two after his return. The Mayor of Varennes had never seen the King but on a crown, and an assignat, the resemblance on this last was strong enough to tell him that he was sure of his man. *C'est lui, dit-il, c'est lui-même.* Her Majesty insisted on it, before the Mayor, that she by no means meant to leave the kingdom. *Cà peut-être Madame, a répondu le Maire, mais si le pied de votre majesté avoit glissé, vous auriez tombé, dans le pays étranger.* The King, the Queen, and the Dauphin, it seems, for this is not very well known, escaped from the Thuilleries at different times, and at different doors. The Queen passed out through the apartment of Madame de Rochefeuille, and Monf. le Duc de Villequier by the Cour des Princes. The King followed the Queen and Dauphin,

phin, and they all met at a garden in the road to the Bois de Boulogne, where they supped, and set out for Bondy, the first post to Metz, by a circuitous road at the back of Montmartre. It appears also, that the King passed out through the apartments of Monsr. De Villequier. Eight days before the royal flight, his Majesty rode up to Montmartre on horseback, in order to reconnoitre the road he was to take. I think it very probable, that this grand project might have succeeded, if the postillions had not been too well paid, since it was undoubtedly the gold that was given them, and the marked impatience of the donors, that raised the first suspicions, and put the people on their guard. The discovery, however, was most fortunate for humanity, since it has probably saved a deluge of blood, and numberless souls,

which

which would have been otherwise massacred, as Voltaire says very finely,

“ Sur les fleurs du printemps,”

and I am persuaded to no purpose, for all would have been lost (*Qui perd un empire perd tout*); and I make no exception, though the army of the Emperor had joined the handful of men collected by the Princes of the blood, and though the King of Sweden, the great hero of modern times, had taken the command, and been Generalissimo. In the first place, at the very first brush of hostilities, I very much doubt if a fourth part of the imperial troops would not have deserted to the French; then, unless every thing could have been done by a *coup de main*, all resource must very soon have failed, and whatever fellow feelings crowned heads may be supposed to have

for a brother in distress, Louis XVI. would soon have been sent, like James II. to St. Germain's; they would have allotted him some castle for his residence, and there they would have left him, *à dandiner à sa forge, boire, et s'hébéter tout à son aise.* Excuse this prolixity, and believe me,

Ever your's.

LET-

LETTER IX.

July 1.

THE first visit you have to make at Paris is to your banker, in order to produce your credentials; the second is to your Ambassador, in order to obtain protection, and the third to the National Assembly. The race of bankers is, at this moment, the most amiable set of men in the world, because they give you a hundred and twenty-five pounds for a hundred; this twenty-five per cent. pays your journey to Paris and back again, so that it costs you nothing to go or to come. But what is infinitely more flattering, is their attachment to your in-

terest and your convenience; their great civility, and their warm reception: all this is most pleasant, *dulcis inexpertis*; then the dinners they give entirely win you, and you are perfectly careless whether you spend a hundred more or less, such is the ease of procuring it. Banking, as it is managed at Paris, is a lottery ticket, which generally comes up a great prize, and seldom fails, unless you have too much wit, or too much speculation, or are unfortunate in the choice of a mistress, who mistakes bank notes for Bonbons. I went first, then, to my monied friend, who offered me every thing he could furnish me with, gold, silver, or paper; I chose some of each, and took my leave, in order to deliver my letters at the Ambassador's, and from thence to go to the National Assembly,

sembly, for which I was provided with a ticket.

The Assembly is so well represented at Covent Garden, or Drury Lane, I do not recollect which, that I was struck with the great resemblance of the copy to the original ; but the appearance, upon the whole, disappointed me. On the right hand of the President I saw no opposition ; I asked why ? Where are the troops of the Abbé Maury ? Where are the aristocratic forces ? I see nothing but the leaders. Oh ! they are all gone over, like the children of Israel, or drowned with Pharaoh and his host. *Pedibus itur in sententiam.* The reciprocity, then, is as in the treaty of England with America, all on one side. No, they said, that was not the case, the Abbé Maury was still firm and unshaken, though he sat silent ;

indeed, since the death of Mirabeau, he had spoken but little, and now, since the departure of the King, he was almost left alone. The subject of the day was a dry one, on the colours of the regimentals; Monf. Menou enlivened his speech by a happy allusion *au casque orné de plumes blanches de Henri IV.*—
*“ Suivez mon Panache, vous le trouverez
 “ toujours dans le chemin de l’honneur, et de
 “ la victoire.”* I saw several of the famous speakers, and heard some of them. Lameth, Robertspierre, Barnave, &c. Barnave is a very extraordinary young man. The Assembly was more peaceable to-day than usual, indeed there was little to agitate it, except the letter of Monf. de Bouillé, signed Marquis, predicting the downfall of Paris, like the downfall of Jerusalem, where there was not left one stone upon another. This letter
 was

was received with the sentiments it inspired, contempt and ridicule: it exhibited a menace of vengeance and repentment, in a situation which makes courage doubtful, and conduct problematical. It stated, that the King left Paris, and his throne, in order to transport himself to the frontiers, for the purpose of mediating between France and her enemies. The Assembly generally rises about three, and sits again after dinner: shall I tell you my idea of this famous House of Parliament, and the judgement I formed of it? I will in three words, *omnia in cunis*. Before I leave Paris, perhaps, I may change my opinion. I cannot say, I think the President's bell has a happy effect in producing silence, but, on the contrary, increases the confusion; and as to the Huiffiers, or walking Gentlemen Ushers, as we pronounce

them, they may, three parts of their time, as well whistle to the winds, as think of quieting the storm by a simple hush, or a gentle waving of their hands, like the rising lark. I make no doubt, however, that time may do some good in reforming these small faults, and restoring calm to the boisterous main, whensoever it shall be violently agitated, either by the oil of persuasive eloquence, or the awe of some great character, such as Mirabeau's, who put to silence the thirty voices by a word,

Silence aux trente voix ; qu'on écoute.

LET-

LETTER X.

I BURN with impatience to tell you, that your long letter of to-day has entirely made your peace, and that my gratitude knows no delay amidst the numberless avocations of duty and pleasure, amusement and instruction, which this chequered city holds out to all its visitors. I left my bed an hour sooner this morning than usual, to be ready for the post at one o'clock. As you are no stranger to Paris in its reformed state, I speak of the improvements of the Palais Royal, I need enter into no details on the subject of that place particularly, or any other of the common objects of research, by
every

every traveller on his first visit to this capital. My intention is to write as constantly as I can find time, and make the the occurrence of the day the subject of my letter. I walk out in a morning, or rather fall forth in search of adventures, from eleven till three. As my way lay to-day towards the city, I called in at Notre Dame, who is at this moment abandoned by all her canons. Not one of them having taken the civic oath, they come no more to officiate, and on great days strangers and hirelings occupy their places. This cathedral might well be called, *la Cathedrale des Rois*, as its principal front presents you with the statues of twenty-eight French Kings from Childeric to Philippe Auguste, in whose reign the building was begun, towards the end of the twelfth century. None of the cathedral churches in Italy, France, or Eng-

England, were begun before the eleventh century, that is, before the Millennium was complete, because it was thought there would be no use for them. See the Ecclesiastical Historians and after Historians Church Histories. I know you do not wish me to say any thing of the pictures that adorn the body of the church, though le Sueur and le Brun be among the painters. Indeed the Sacristy was the only thing that attracted my curiosity, where I found some good portraits of the Archbishops of Paris. The magnificence of the treasury, too, struck me considerably in parts, which is a good deal to say, if you have seen Loretto. But the piece of furniture that made the greatest impression upon me was a Chasuble, or Priest's robe very finely wrought, but much better preserved, of the year eight hundred and eighty-eight ; making this ancient part of the officiating

ting

ting minister's dress older than the tapestry at Bayeux, on which is King William's expedition to England, and I can assure you, in much finer preservation: they resemble each other in one thing, they have both been lined. The date is in figures 888 on the Chasuble, the truth of which is very suspicious. On examining the robe a second time, I find the date 888 is only a copy in figures of what the copyist conceived to be the original in numeral letters. The original stands thus DCC 3; between the second c and the third 3 there was formerly something which is effaced, as the threads of the embroidery are worn bare. I conceive it to have been an 1, and then the date will be more reasonable, for instance, DCC13, which will stand for the year eleven hundred.

The greatest curiosity I have yet seen appeared yesterday at the Palais Royal; it was Le Chevalier du B——, who was brought in a sort of litter, just when he was at the last gasp, to die, as it were, upon the stage. When they carried him off, I believe he was gone, for his jaw fell, and his head hung, as if did not belong to him, upon his shoulder. This extraordinary man, not a fortnight before, was the flower of France, in beauty, grace, strength, and activity. At times, indeed, when high in blood, he had a tendency to grow unruly, and would not be controuled. Bars and bolts could not hold him, and he would get away from a dozen peace-officers. He was much addicted to gaming, and committed excesses in consequence of his losses: he had always a pack of cards before him, to gratify his ruling passion to the last; and when his

phy-

physician had told there was no hope, then said he, “a louis upon the red doctor.” The immediate cause of his death was a complaint he had contracted, for the cure of which he was obliged to undergo an operation: after this, impatient to appear, he came out too soon, and was reduced to the state in which I have described him. The rapid change of this man’s health seemed to have made some feeble impression even on the inhabitants of the Palais Royal, who are insensibility itself, and though they stare at every thing, stay to reflect on nothing.

Ever your’s.

LET-

LETTER XI.

July. 1791.

NOTHING can be so different as the French language differently pronounced, I mean in the mouths of the Parisians themselves; you may have heard Texier all your life, where you never lose a word, and think you should understand any one else in the same part; but I doubt, if you would catch one half of what was said, till your ear was used to the difference of inflexion between the two voices. Whosoever comes here to attend the theatres will soon be convinced how perfectly well Texier plays all his parts, and what a thorough good conception

ception he has of every thing he reads ; and that he is alone worth a whole troop of moderate comedians. I do not mean this as a puff, because if I had such an intention, it would be of no use, for I know you have no partiality for the character.

The theatre called *le Theatre de la Nation* is a very fine thing, and what every stranger must admire. The pieces they play here have often too much reference to the Revolution, and tend to inspire a general dread and horror at the very name of a cloister. For instance, *les Victimes Cloitrées* is so dreadfully fine in the hands of Fleury and Clairval, that it is impossible to see it twice ; it produces the effect even upon the French women of the furies of *Æschylus*, or the screams of *Sidons*. Mademoiselle Raucour et Made-

moiselle

moiselle Contat are by no means fond of playing parts which are full of pointed allusions to the Revolution, and excuse themselves whenever it is possible for them to get off. All Moliere's plays are charmingly acted on the national stage, and particularly the *Medecin malgré lui*. When the mock doctor receives his fee, he says, *mais sont ils tous de poids?* this will do for our stage better than for the French at present, where the practice of weighing the louis d'or is discontinued. In Destouches's play of the *Joueur*, a female usurer is introduced, who accommodates the gamester with a loan. The character is rare with us, but I believe you can name me a lady or two in London who carry on this golden branch of business, at a very low rate, at one per cent. but as the miser says in the *Deux Avarés*, *c'est par heure*.

I have been introduced to day to a man whom I was very ambitious of seeing, one of the first Grecians and the politest scholars in Europe. Monsieur d'Ansse de Villoison; I believe you are acquainted with his *Daphnis and Chloe* of Longus, through the medium of a French translation, and I think you used to be much pleased with it. He has given us besides other things a very curious Homer in folio; but his great work is still on the anvil, I mean his *Antiquities on the Grecian Islands*, or his *Journey through Greece*, in which he has decyphered the inscriptions that his predecessor could not read, to which no one who has seen his dictionary of Homer will scruple to give immediate assent. Monsieur de Villoison has visited the monastic library of Mount Athos, and every other he could find in his road or out of his road. There
are

are many other amateurs here at Paris, who are employed in the study of the ancients, like Scaliger during the massacre of the Huguenots, secure in their elevated situations, and undisturbed by the motions of the Palais Royal. Monsieur de la Rochette is preparing an edition of the Greek Anthology, in which the whole is to be included. It will be published in six volumes in octavo, with a very curious index, in which the Greek words will be explained, and the different senses shown in which they are used not only in the Anthology in general, but also in its different parts. Monsieur l'Archer, whose notes on Herodotus are so learned and so full of information, is at work on the Etymologicon Magnum, a book that deserves to be well edited: he has ready by him an edition of Orion Thebanus on this subject. There is now at Paris a re-

markable man, a Monsieur Coray, a learned Greek physician from Smyrna, who lives with a Monsieur Clavier, *ci devant Conseiller au Chatelet*. Monsieur Coray, who is not rich, could not have made a better acquaintance than Monsieur Clavier, in whose house he is lodged. Monsieur Clavier is very much at his ease, has an excellent library, is an ingenious and elegant scholar, and well informed in many branches of ancient and modern learning. Monsieur Coray, *Docteur en Medecine*, is at present employed in collating the manuscripts of the Septuagint for Mr. Holmes, but this is not what he likes best; his favourite author is Hippocrates, whom he has corrected all through in the most masterly manner, and of whom he will, it is to be hoped, publish an edition. The London physicians should set this on foot, for the thing is so well done, that I think it

would reflect great credit on the order. In the course of Monsieur Coray's correction of Hippocrates, he has restored Sophocles and Euripides, and the poets in Athenæus in the happiest manner, as Politian says,

Magna eruens sensa e penu vatum.

I could not help paying this tribute to merit, which I know is not lost upon you.

Ever your's.

✓ L E T T E R XII.

July 1791.

THE lamp of the law and the light of the church were both extinguished in the National Assembly by the death of Mirabeau, and the silence of the Abbè Maury. They tell you, indeed, that it was a fortunate thing for Mirabeau that he died when he did, because had he lived a month longer, it must have come out that he was sold. Thus much I believe, that he would undoubtedly have supported the monarchy against a republic, and have thrown his voice into the scale to have made the King's side preponderate. The monarchical form of Government, under certain

certain checks and restraints, is no doubt the only administration that can be adopted, and the only one under which France will ever flourish, or maintain her rank and reputation in commerce or in politics. In all violent alterations in politics, there is great danger of a relapse, which makes it adviseable in many cases to retain the form of Government though you change the substance. Augustus thought proper to preserve the name and office of consul and tribune, when they were no longer necessary, but for a blind, as the power was all lodged in his own nomination, and the shadowy ghosts of liberty could create no disturbance in the breast of despotism by their apparitions. The figure of majesty upon this principle should be retained in France, when it is no longer possible for it to repeat its former excesses, but may have, nevertheless, an undis-

puted title to every kingly virtue that ever graced a throne, courage and generosity not excepted. The death of Mirabeau, it appears, was accelerated by want of proper attention to his case, and the application of imaginary or pre-supposed remedies, where palliatives were more immediately required. His physician was probably unacquainted with his constitution. Mirabeau, it seems, was subject to a floating humour, which sometimes showed itself in his eyes, and sometimes in his head; this humour was unfortunately locked up, and could not be brought out: the consequence was fatal, and Monsieur Petit was called in too late. The zeal of the people was great, who crowded round his door, and offered him the best of their blood. At the sale of his furniture and wardrobe, this zeal, I make no doubt, will show itself conspicuously; his books, how-

however, are not to be sold till December, with his cameos and entaglios. His house is by no means a house to show, and yet many go to see it as having belonged to a great man. The books which are dispersed above stairs and below, all over the apartments, are very fine, and often superb both in condition and in binding. The street is called after his name, and is become a very fashionable residence. The house of Mademoiselle Guimarre is in this street. You know the stile of these elegancies with which Paris abounds, where every apartment is finished like a snuff-box. Mademoiselle Guimarre's house was built by subscription, and disposed of by lottery. It is supposed to have cost the Prince de Soubise, Monsieur de la Borde, and somebody else, about twenty-eight thousand pounds. It was put into a lottery of two hundred livres a ticket,

and

and won by Monsieur le Marquis d'Allemand, and sold to its present possessor for something more than six thousand pounds.
Adieu,

Ever your's.

LET.

L E T T E R XIII.

THE Bastile, with all its dungeons, is not yet completely demolished, and there still remains enough to trace the disposition of the whole, and its parts; you may still descend into the subterraneous prisons, and see where the irons were fastened, that chained the unfortunate persons who were the objects of detention. You have an accurate representation at one of the theatres, on the Boulevards, of the manner of treating great prisoners at the Bastile; the character of the Governor is indeed a little exaggerated, and the scene is blacker and more horrid than the reality, but the great features

tures are, probably, too much like the original. The Bastile, nevertheless, was a much more comfortable place than those who were the objects of its persecutions have ever been willing to allow. It was warm in winter, and cool in summer; thanks to the thickness of its walls, it preserved the temperature of a cellar, and was ever in the same state, independent of the external air in great measure, and unaffected by the great extremes of heat and cold. But a palace that detains a man against his will, without assigning a cause, and without the judgement of his Peers, though its floors are of satin-wood, and its walls of alabaster, is the seat of horror and abomination, and should be consecrated to destruction.

The

The causes of imprisonment were sometimes perfectly groundless, and often frivolous and vexatious. I know of none more so than the following.—Monsieur René Auguste Constantius de Renneville was thrown into the Bastille May 16, 1702, and kept there till May 16, 1713, for an innocent parody on some verses on France and Spain in alliance with Austria, in which there was an allusion to the terms of the game of piquet. The verses were as follow, in which *Quinte et Quatorze* mean Philippe the Fifth and Louis the Fourteenth.

Contre Quinte et Quatorze on n'a jamais beau jeu,
 On est meme assuré de perdre la partie :
 Des plus sages conseils toute la force unie,
 Ne sert de rien, ou sert de peu ;
 Peuples qui vous liguez, qu'avez vous qui balance,
 Ou votre perte ou votre gain ?
 Combattant l'Espagne et la France,
 Vous trouverez toujours Quinte et Quatorze en main.

Monsieur

Monfieur de Renneville wrote an answer to thefe verses, which procured him the honours of the Bastile during eleven years. The parody is very ingenious, and should have been rewarded, and not punished.

Contre Quinte et Quatorze on peut faire beau jeu,
On est meme affuré de gagner la partie ;
Aux plus sages conseils notre force est unie ;
Votre Quatorze est nul, votre Quinte est trop peu,
Le ciel qui voit ce jeu fait pencher la ballance.

Pour votre perte, et notre gain.

Nous ferons un repic, et l'Espagne, et la France
Se trouveront Capot, Quinte et Quatorze en main.

Now the Bastile is removed, there is nothing but the river to prevent the junction of the old and new Boulevards, and you may walk from the bridge of Louis XVI. to the same point, almost the whole way through an avenue of tall trees.

trees. The circuit is considerable, and more than the best walkers can perform with ease in a day. The new inclosure, though a wretched political expedient, and deservedly much abused, is, no doubt, a very fine thing in its execution, I am sorry to hear that it is to be pulled down for the sake of the materials. This *nouvelle enceinte*, as it is called, passes at the foot of Montmartre, and takes in the suburbs of Saint Anthony and the village of Chaillot, which made them all subject to the *droits d'entrées*, that now exist no longer; therefore the new wall is useless. The Calembourg made upon the inclosure at the time I remember to have heard, and very good it was in its way.

Mur-murant Paris,

Rend Paris murmurant.

The

The immense sums of money spent on this wall, might have been employed to better account by making foot-paths in the great streets, by dressing up a little the ragged banks of the Seine, and veiling the mouths of the great drains, and carrying off the soil by an increase of stream. When the Constitution shall once be completed, and it is certain that the King will remain at Paris, and reign over his subjects, I imagine the inhabitants will turn their thoughts towards the interior works of ornament and decoration.

When a great man comes upon the carpet, every thing that is known is related of him ; since Monf. de Bouilli's letter, his conversation with the King of Prussia is come out. *Il y a, Sire, et je les*
connois,

*connois, 25 entrées à la France, cà peut
bien être dit le Roi, mais je ne connois point
de sortie.*

Ever your's.

G

LET-

L E T T E R XIV.

PARIS est le bureau d'invention, or the source of originality in patterns, and in plays. No new fashion ventures to appear, for the first time, elsewhere, and though the French seem to copy us sometimes, yet the imitation is chiefly confined to boots, breeches, and beefsteaks. I saw last night a comedy called *L'Intrigue Epistolaire*, which I should not be surprized to find upon the English stage next winter, with certain references to a recent transaction; indeed, I think that the principal actor in that business might be at this moment well employed in a liberal translation of the French piece.

piece. No one, most certainly, is better qualified, or more able to do justice to an original work on epistolary intrigue, for the reason that D'Alembert gives in his Essay on Men of Letters.—

Il en est du merite de l'homme comme de ses ouvrages : Personne ne peut mieux les juger, que lui, parce que personne ne les a vus de plus près, ni de plus long tems.

But, seriously, the Epistolary intrigue may be acted on the English stage, with fewer alterations than it is in general found necessary, in presenting the comic muse of France by John Bull in an English dress. The piece has had a great run here, and depends more on trick than on acting or decoration. At a time when the town and all its eleven theatres are full of republican pieces, this little incident of common life is a very seasonable relief; and more particularly so at the moment

when a tragedy called Washington has been announced, and many others of Roman story ; so that we are sure to be gorged with the Majesty of the people. At the theatre of Monsieur, where the Italian operas are represented, I was charmed with the distribution of the house, and all its parts, where every one sees equally well, with some very few exceptions. The lightness of the pillars, and the elegance of the arabesques, throw an air of enchantment over the whole, and you conceive yourself in Italy. The manner of lighting the house is also very ornamental, and produces a clear and sufficient illumination without any partial glare. The French piece I saw here has a rich and attractive title—*L'Histoire Universelle*, or Every Man's Cafe. We are all discontented, but without any cause. An Englishman might learn

learn something from it, especially from the burden of the song, which says, *Il faut perir, il faut perir, mais il n'y a pas de quoi.*

A Frenchman who, when he has spent all his money, lives upon the women, and for their sakes only, can never see any reason to destroy himself, because his life is a burden to him ; the instances of suicide are rare, except in Normandy, where the inhabitants are found hanging now and then on their own apple-trees. The truth of this opinion appears clearly by the verdict passed not long ago on a Parisian, who had killed himself : the verdict of the Coroner was—*Mort par excès de liberté.* The blame, therefore, is to be laid on the new system, for liberty was the *terra incognita* of the old Government. Women are certainly va-

luable where they preserve the lives of the men, and they do more in this country, they command them ; since, in spite of the Salique law, they contrive to be always on the throne. At this moment, however they may appear to be committed in the disgrace of their chief, they are by no means so oppressed, or so humbled, as to be incapable of recovering their universal ascendancy, let matters take what turn they will.

This is the day of the exposition of the King's *garde meuble*, which is under one of the colonnades of the place Louis XV. It consists of armour, tapestry, and horse furniture, given to the King of France by Said Mehemet ; and of a great variety of agates, jaspers, diamonds, pearls, and other precious stones, to a very considerable amount, with some
 2 other

other antique cameos, and intaglios, and small bronzes. The armour of Henry IV. is very interesting to an admirer of that great man; he wore it thirty years, *c'est à dire, pendant 30 ans, il fut presque toujours à cheval, et le harnois sur le dos,** but he wore it a day too little, for on the fatal fourteenth of May, *dans la rue de la Feronnerie*, he had no protection against the knife of the assassin.

* L'Amour de Henri IV. pour les lettres, p. 100, notes.

LETTER XV.

July 15.

I WAS happy to see, by your letter of to-day, which is only the second I have received since I left you, that the heat does not incommode you, though I really pity your climate, which is still too cold to permit you to enjoy the evening whisper till midnight ; when, at Paris, we have it, for this year at least, in as great perfection as in the Corso at Rome.

A match broke off may be great news, but sad intelligence, unless it be absolutely true, *Qu'il y a toujours quelque chose dans les malheurs de nos meilleurs amis*

qui ne nous deplait pas. God forbid ! for should I once conceive it to be so, I might not, probably, look upon the man, (you know him) to be so great a madman, who goes about saying, “ The best thing “ is not to be born, but if you are, the “ next best is to die as early as possible.” Rochefoucault, with all his sagacity, seems to have been an ill-natured fellow, and saw every thing blacker than it was, and, one would think, had to do with nothing but villains and scoundrels. For my own part, I confess to you, though you have no right to exact it, that every other man I meet has as many good points, as bad, and that poor human nature is sadly libelled and degraded, when the heart is described universally as a lump of interest and design, as full of brains as the head, and the index of its love, charity, and affection, is made to point only to itself.

There

There is a good exhibition in wax of Mirabeau on his death-bed, at the entrance of the *Palais Royal*, which does not fail to catch all comers; over it is written, *vivre libre ou mourir*; which is like Sallust, *melius liberum mori quam servum vivere*. You have been told, that Mirabeau was subject to violent passions; nothing is so true. When he was much inflamed, and a little thing would do it, he was like a mad bull, and his neck swelled till the sinews cracked with straining: at these moments it was impossible to approach him, and his servants all got out of his way, and though he stormed and bellowed, no soul would come near him for five minutes, when his passion subsided, and he became meek as a lamb, and mild as Marmontel's hero, *après le gain d'une bataille*.

I shall

I shall enliven this letter by a short copy of verses from the *Almanach des Muses*, addressed to a Lady, who had sent her correspondent a kiss in a letter:

Vous m'envoyer sur le papier
Un baiser qui bien peu me touche ;
Baiser qui vient par le courier,
Pourroit-il chatouiller ma bouche ?
Votre chimerique faveur
Me laisse froid comme du marbre ;
Et ce fruit n'a point de faveur,
Quand il n'est pas cueilli sur l'arbre.

Par M. M * *

IMITATION.

A kiss in vain your lips impress,
Which ne'er arrives at its address ;
A kiss that's sent us by the post,
E'er it can reach the mouth, is lost.
No thanks are due for such a boon,
Which leaves one colder than a stone,
Kisses are tasteless fruits, you know,
Unless they're gathered where they grow.

Adieu, Ever your's,

LETTER XVI.

THERE are more strange fights at Paris than any where else, and, what in Shakespeare's time was called odd fishes, from all parts of the world. Besides the grand couvert on the Boulevards, and Mirabeau, Rousseau, and Voltaire ; besides Mirabeau tonneau ; besides all the deputies at the Palais Royal ; you have every nation under the sun, from Siam to California, in the streets, in their proper habiliments. Turks and Armenians in petticoats, Heyducs abundant, and Hussars without number ; with every third man a Jew, a Pander, a Coffac, a Paul Jones, a nephew of Franklin, or a deserter from the rebel Princes,

Princes, Monsieur Bouilli, or the Turkish army. Then comes an equestrian ordonnance from La Fayette, for which every thing must turn out ; or a dashing Cabriolet, which runs over every thing ; and as all these things are curious, and objects of attention, it is natural to take a view of them ; but the moment you look back, you are lost, for if you do not advance, you are sure to retreat, and be carried away by the flood ; it is not possible to stand still and stare. Nor, indeed, can you do this in London, even where you are protected by a foot-path from horses and carriages ; but in London the temptation is not the same, and Gay's rules for walking the streets would not apply at all to a Parisian. But the care that every body takes, who is at all practised in the thing, to protect the head, which is dressed for all day, and the heels that are not to be foiled,

soiled, is sufficient to keep both in order ; provided the weather is auspicious, dry over head and under foot, for a French curl will stand any thing short of a hurricane. You knew a Frenchman formerly by his shoes, which were badly cleaned, and often clumsily made, but now every shoe shines like a polished mirror, and defies dust and dirt, and is so highly varnished, that water will run off from them. This is no English blacking, but a shining composition of their own, which is disagreeable to the eye, and looks as if your shoe had been dipt in boiling pitch. The signs at Paris are often curious where one can stop to read them. One man writes over his door, *Caffé du prophete Elie* ; another, *L'hotel du petit Moyse* ; a third, a barber, *Ici on rajeunit*. Upon the *quay de la Greve*, the sign represents a smith's shop ; upon the anvil is the head of a woman,

upon

upon which two men are at work with their hammers: in the fire is another head, and in the corner of the shop is a basket full. Beneath the picture is an explication as follows:

*Maitre Lustucru a trouvé le secret de re-
forger, et polir les têtes des femmes acar-
tres, criardes, diablesses, fantasques, glori-
euses, insupportables, mechantes, testies, pi-
grieches: les riches en payant, les pauvres
gratis.*

This is what Voltaire somewhere calls *l'esprit fait sur l'enclume*; I wonder the fish women have not long ago pulled down the man's house, but the truth is, that they do not seem to take the affront, though there is quite room enough for offence: the sign is large, and the picture is by no means a daubing; on the contrary,

it is so well done, as to be horrid and disgusting in the extreme ; conceive an ass loaded with two baskets full of female heads raw and bloody. I am under the necessity of obliging every body to whom I tell this story, to go and see, or they would never believe.—Adieu,

Ever your's.

LET-

L E T T E R XVII.

July 1791.

WE are at present in a state of great tranquillity, and live very peaceably for the most part, if you except the commotions and inward workings occasioned *par le levain de la fuite du Roi*. There are now on sale some very fine books of a Monsieur Mel de St. Ceran, by de Bure, but no bargains are to be had, and the impatience, I am told, of the bidders for the fine articles is so great, that if you are resolved to have any thing, you must give an exorbitant price. For instance, they pushed the Aldus Plato to three hundred and sixty livres, and Gli Ragionamenti di

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Aretino

Aretino to seventy-seven livres, only because it was in Morocco; I could have bought a fine one, the same edition, in less splendid binding, for thirty-five, I believe for less. There is a Monsieur Rennoi here, who has collected fine books for many years, and has some very curious things. The famous library of the Marquis de Paulmy is still at the arsenal, and the property of the Comte d'Artois. It will probably come into the hands of the creditors of his Highness. The hour of sale of Monsieur de St. Ceran's books is at six in the evening, when it is not possible to attend; orders, however, are easily given, when you wish to have a thing; and as I have sent you the catalogue, I am perfectly at your disposal in that and every other commission. The prettiest theatre at Paris is the theatre of Mademoiselle Montanfier; here they play *Le Sourd*,

Sourd, which is much better imagined than our Deaf Lover, though the ways and means are the same in both pieces. In the French piece the pleasant character is a ridiculous buffoon, that says a hundred good things and is the support of the farce. By the address of the pretended deaf lover, this buffoon is cheated of his dinner and his bed, and as the inn is full, he is obliged to make himself a bed of chairs, with the assistance of napkins for sheets, and an extemporary night-cap from the supper-table. He does this very adroitly, and keeps the house in a roar the whole time. At length, every thing being ready, he lies down in his cloaths, and amidst the thousand and one projects which he forms for his future happiness, his great design is to marry his aunt, who is old and ugly, but rich. Thus he talks himself to sleep ; his voice

falling gradually, and the curtain descending slowly, the first act concludes. But the cream of the jest is his reflection at the end of his project, with which the curtain drops and he falls asleep. *On veut dit il, que j'épouserois une grande tante que j'ai, qui est très riche; mais une petite reflexion que je viens de faire m'empêche; si j'épouse ma tante, je serai donc mon oncle.*

You know we had heard before I left England, of the fracas that happened at a certain house at Paris the night that Mirabeau was buried, how the Poissardes made a forcible entry, and stripped the females, ill used them, and left them naked. By what I can find, every particle of the report is exactly true; and though it may seem an unpleasant reflection that your house is not your castle, and that you cannot do as you will with-

in

in your own walls, yet the indiscretion, you will allow, is extreme, to open a house of feasting in the face of a funeral procession for the first man in the country, to insult the solemn dirge with jigs and cotillions—

“ And mock the patriot woe

“ With midnight dances, and a public show.”

Here is, I am told, at Paris, at this moment, an agent who wants to borrow forty thousand pounds for an heir to a great estate, but in the name of wonder how is he to borrow money at five or six per cent. which sells for twelve? Will any aristocrate lend his money to a foreigner at half price, because he expects to see the assignats at ninety per cent. discount? I cannot be persuaded that three men in Paris seriously entertain such an opinion.

The specie has disappeared, that is most certain, and we know the reason why ; it is gone to the emigrants ; it is remitted to pay debts in commerce ; it is sold daily, and immense fortunes have been already made by the traffic ; it is locked up in the coffers of the timid, who do not chose to trust the state-paper. These are the people of whom you must borrow, and some possibly you may find, who will lend at five or six per cent. on good security, sooner than buy assignats at 12 per cent. advantage.

Ever your's.

LET-

LETTER XVIII.

July 1791.

THE funeral pomp of Voltaire is just over; I cannot say I think it was a fine thing; but as a tub to the whale, *à la bonne heure! encore passe!* You know Voltaire was no favourite of mine, but as a fine writer and a great poet; there was nothing in the man that deserved to be so recorded; for what was he but an abettor of tyranny and encroaching despotism, when he complimented Catharine the Second with the title of the Northern Star, and named himself the high priest of her temple, and for what? For dismembering Poland, partitioning its provinces,

and banishing to Siberia the brave confederates, whom she is pleased to call the mutineers of Poland. The remonstrances against his deification were very strong on the side of all serious men, and well-wishers to good manners and uncorrupt integrity. But the people must be amused. The French are given much to make gods of their heroes ; they made Vestris the god of dance, with which I find no fault, as it was *sans ceremonie*. Now the pageant of Voltaire was a serious evil to the country in the present impoverished state of its finances, and, after all, not well executed. The argument from Calonne is a weak one, and does not apply. What, say the Journalists, shall the nation pay twelve thousand pounds *pour faire coucher Calonne avec une coquine*, and refuse to pay one thousand *pour faire coucher Voltaire avec une sainte* ; for he was buried
by

by the side of Mirabeau *chez la Ste. Genevieve*. The National Assembly paid extraordinary honours to the Abbé l'Epée, *pour avoir créé des organes aux sourds et aux muets*; and to Mirabeau, because he had been the principal pillar of the Revolution; but to Voltaire still greater, because he had taken the lead in writing down the monastic orders, though at the same time that he fired upon the monks, he levelled his artillery against every sacred institution, and endeavoured to laugh the world out of its religion. As to his services to the state, in preaching liberty, and the downfall of despotism, Rousseau deserved a greater recompence than he at the hands of his country, and had more zeal and more eloquence, and was what Voltaire himself says of a brother poet,

“ Precheur adroit, fabricant des oracles.”

I attended the pageant of the poet of Ferney, but it was spoilt in great measure by a wet day, and owed much of its failure of success to the badness of the weather. The people were a little out of humour with the rain. The women said the *Bon Dieu* was aristocrate, and the Journalists in speaking of the fête say, *La nation devant le theatre de la nation devoit produire plus d'effets ; mais la pluie qui veut être absolument de toutes les fêtes nationales obligea le cortege de se precipiter vers Ste. Genevieve.* I cannot, however, praise the triumphal car ; as a machine à l'antique, it was incorrectly conceived, as a piece of modern production, it was heavy and clumsy. The horses, twelve in number, were beautiful in the extreme ; they were white, and eight of them came from the stables of Monsieur, the King's brother, and four from Beaumarchais.

The

The figure of Voltaire lying upon its back on the car produced but a sorry effect, especially when, on account of the unevenness of the pavement, it could not be kept steady; the right arm too was dislocated by the repeated joltings of the carriage, and hung down like the arm of a malefactor broke upon the wheel. The show, nevertheless, gave universal satisfaction, and did not arrive at the cloister where the body was to be interred, till after nine o'clock at night: I say the body, but more properly what was left of the body. It seems that Voltaire had expressly desired, that a quantity of quick lime should be put into the coffin at his burial, and when the coffin was opened at Romilly, in order to see what state he was in, they found him all consumed, and nothing left but a bone or two, perhaps, and the dust which the wind blew into their

their eyes. They shut up the case and reported the poet in excellent preservation. I cannot say of Voltaire at his death, as has been said of some great men, that he was the object of my constant envy, or of my perpetual imitation. There is one thing, however, peculiar to this great and renowned martyr to celebrity, if I may so call him, in which every man would wish to resemble him; he slept away his life, and died without a pang; having drank more coffee than usual in order to give him a flow of spirits and imagination, for the finishing the tragedy which he had in hand; he thought it proper to correct the heat of the coffee by an increased portion of opium, accordingly he took a double dose, fell asleep, and never waked again.

Ever your's.

LET-

LETTER XIX.

THINGS, you observe, are mightily changed in this country ; it is very true, there is neither province nor baillage, order nor nobility, in their stead you have department, section, equality, and citizenship. The rule of the Medes and Persians does not obtain here, the language is, *Volumus leges Franciæ mutari* ; and I confess that in the most essential matters, it was not before the amendment was wanted that the change took place. But in many points that concern the clergy, the nobility, and all rank and order in the state, I really think that the *nous avons*

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changé

changé tout cela betrays the ignorance of the mock doctor without the pleasantry. The Government, if it may so be called, is at present *un fier hochepot*, a wretched jumble of half and half parties ; for since the silence of the *coté droit* in the Assembly, the *coté gauche* begins to divide, and the fierce republicans are left to quarrel among themselves. You ask me what is become of the King's friends ; where are the Princes ? Why, in Germany, debating like Prince Volscius, Duke of Ormond, in one boot, whether it is best to fall on, or to come in. The Prince of Condé has good reason to return, and if he could once get a little cool, I should imagine his losses in the Clermontois and his government of Burgundy, of fifty thousand a year sterling, would bring him to his senses, and make him come back to save the remnant. The

I only

only sensible Prince is the Prince of Conti, and he has been long returned from his error into the bosom of his country; and reasons well, that once a Prince always a Prince; this consoles him for loss of title, but had he remained with the rebels, the case would have been different; once Lord Paramount is not always Lord Paramount, for he is well acquainted with the proverb and the truth of it. *Nul Seigneur sans terre.* Then again the Absentee-tax, which is just passed, comforts him anew, since a triple contribution is no trifle whether the property be large or small. The Duke of Orleans, you know, is here at Paris, and attends his duty in Parliament, and votes *per se* most popularly. The sketch or bare outline of this great man's conduct cannot be drawn in a single letter; we must talk him over.

They

They have a pleasant way of changing English prints in this place, and giving them new names. For instance, Garrick between tragedy and comedy, is a hero *entre le vice et la vertu*, and Bunbury's print of the barber's shop is the political barber, who shaves the three estates.

Ever your's.

LET-

L E T T E R XX.

THE castle of St. Germain en Laye is curious in the eye of an Englishman, because it was the residence of James the Second, and his Court, after his abdication. The situation is very fine, and puts you in mind of Windsor; the Mall and the Bowling-green, which you find here, were both, I imagine, designed to amuse the last unhappy royal visitor; the great terrace is considerably more than a mile long, and about eighty or ninety feet wide: you have a fine distant view of Paris on the side of the river from the castle, which the King gave to the Comte d'Artois, who has sold it,

It is a pleasant excursion to this place by the post; you must set out early in the morning, and return late, to have the whole day at your disposal, which is not too much for the object in view. As the Thuilleries are at this moment shut up, even to the passage of the Deputies, when you return to town, the coolest place to drive to in an evening, is the Palais Roïal, where you are sure to find a seat, and be amused with the buzz of a well dressed crowd; well and ill, it should be said, for of all the figures that inhabit the purlieus of the Fleet, and of all the shabby genteels of the King's Bench Prison, none can surpass the rags and the filth, the grease and the snuff of the Palais Roïal, and that too carelessly associated with the *premier elegant du jardin*. It was formerly enough to have a window and a chimney in the capital.

Madame de Staal tells us, that she had an apartment, *un recoin*, where she could not stand upright, but it was at Paris. Now, indeed, the great felicity is to look into the Palais Roïal; a wretched garret that commands a view of this palace of pleasure, is hired at a high price, and taken as soon as it can be procured with the greatest avidity. The attachment of all ranks to this sink of corruption, can be equalled by nothing short of the affection of a Mexican for his capital, who bargains with his confessor for a window in Heaven to look at Mexico—

Una ventana di cielo per mirar Mexico.

Formerly you were sure to see some of the best company in Paris between one and two o'clock in the great alley of the Palais Roïal; at present, even if the same com-

pany existed, no body would come for the same purpose, because the tufted trees are laid low, and the saplins have no head ; the heat of the weather, and the reflection from the new buildings, has stripped almost every other tree of its leaves, and killed every third. The place too is so choaked with shops, of which every other is served by females, who sell every thing even to themselves, that the air you breathe is scarcely pure. A small shop, with a room of the same size behind, about ten feet by six, lets for eight louis d'ors a month. Three sides of the Palais Roïal contain two hundred arcades, which are reckoned to bring in from the garret to the cellar, one hundred guineas a year each. In this account the barracks, or extemporary wooden buildings, which are built for ten years only, are not included. Here a small
shop,

shop, ten or twelve feet by seven, lets for a hundred livres a month : these barracks complete the square of the gardens. Monsieur d'Orleans, it seems, has disposed of the perpetuity * of this estate, and has reserved nothing to himself but his own palace, of which he can hardly command the approach. In filling up the grand alley with houses, he has only done what Cardinal Richlieu did before him, who let the garden-grounds of his town houses upon building leases.

The Palais Roïal is the centre of politics as well as of pleasure, and is often so extravagant in both, that the military police is obliged to interfere in order to preserve peace and propriety : the groups, however loud and outrageous, it must be

* That is, for ninety years, *par un bail amphytheotique*.

said to their credit, are easily dispersed and swept away by the patrol, and I never saw the least attempt at resistance to the fixed bayonet: To talk about it, and about it, seems the great motive to assemble in knots and circles, where the same people will sometimes remain from nine in the morning till five in the afternoon without stirring; and if you assist for five minutes at any time at their debates, you will be sure to hear *l'ordre du jour* called for, though frequently to no purpose: for my part, I believe they vote themselves the National Assembly in miniature, and are amused in discussing the matter over again that passed the day before. As to plots or counterplots, they seem, whatever they may form, to execute none of them. In the infancy of a new Government every man is a statesman, and thinks himself fit to
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be at the helm, and is desirous of practising on his own circle ; for in these groups you will observe some one man listened to during the whole day, and this is he who has the good fortune to begin first, and never stop.

The character of the French, and the present times, is well described by somebody in the following lines :

Ces tems heureux marqués par la license,
Où la folie agitant son grelot,
D'un pied léger parcourt toute la France,
—Où nul mortel veut être devot,
Où l'on fait tout excepté penitence ;
Le bon Regent de son Palais Roïal,
Des voluptés donne à tous le signal.

Ever your's.

LETTER XXI.

I DON'T know if you ever visited the Scots College when you were at Paris : it is still in existence, and stands erect amidst the crush of other monastic orders ; the rector's name too is Gordon, though not the same man that was rector when you were last here. This College is now more curious than it ever was, and a greater object of research, because, by interference and protection it has, with six or seven conventual houses, English and Irish, outlived the Revolution. It is, indeed, very poor, having been ruined in the year forty-five, when it fed and lodged its five thousand daily for a considerable

siderable time, an expence which nothing less than a miracle, and not of the Abbé Paris, could support. The curiosities of this collegiate house have been much dwelt upon by historians, and much use has been made of them. There is one, however, that I should like to have turned out upon the world, if not the whole, at least in part, and that is a Persian translation of Homer of an early date. I wish some Parisian Orientalist, who is no politician, would give us a literal version of the first book.

The Scots nation may be called the favourite of France, since it was excepted from the *Droit d'Aubaine*, and permitted to inherit from strangers who happened to die in France. Albanus, a Scotchman, was the first instance of the exception, and from him came the name
of

of the law, *Droit d'Aubaine*, by that sort of figure which calls a thing by its contrary or opposite, *per antiphrasin*, like *lucus a non lucendo, et mortmain quia manus non moritur, parcæ quia non parcut.* From *Albanus* we have *Albanagium*, which confirms the truth of the etymology.

I forgot to tell you, in speaking of Voltaire's funeral pomp, that I was placed on the Boulevards, in order to see it pass, in the neighbourhood of two remarkable houses, one the residence of Beaumarchais himself, who has erected a temple and a statue to his divinity, Voltaire; and the other, the retreat of the Abbé de la Chaize, Confessor to Louis XIV. It is hardly worth while to carry you back to this point, if it were not for the satisfaction of seeing where men who are much talked of live or die.

The

The journalists compare the leaders of the emigrants to Pompey, who bound himself by an oath, to treat all those as enemies who hesitated to embrace his cause : but Cæsar, that favourite of fortune, who was born to controul the events of chance and hazard, gave out that he should consider all those as fighting for him, who did not fight against him ; and Cæsar's party was victorious. With some of you in England, I am told, that the first question is, if La Fayette is not hanged yet ? and the first toast after dinner is, Confusion to the Mayor of Varennes. But it does not signify, the die is cast, and the Revolution must stand, in spite of any efforts to the contrary beyond the Rhine ; the seeds of ruin and dissolution, if they ever spring up, will grow at home. The royal cause, however, has more active friends here than there, and many, who see the mis-

chiefs

chiefs of a Republic, are resolved to re-instate the King, with certain checks and restraints, that shall fetter him, to the utter prevention of all vaulting in future. We shall be better judges when the Constitution, or *Magna Charta*, is once finished, and the whole that relates to his Majesty, shall be presented in one comprehensive point of view. Then will come the revision, and many things, no doubt, will wear an entire new face before they are proposed for acceptance. Nothing can stamp the acts of the Assembly with greatness, but the certain expectation of their durability.

Rien n'est grand sans l'espoir de l'immortalité.

It is to no purpose, but for the rhyme, that Monf. de la Harpe tells us, in his Eloge of Voltaire,

Le peuple est éclairé, l'homme pense, il est libre,
Tous les droits ont leur juste equilibrium;

When

When nothing is duly balanced ; or that the people are enlightened, when they are blind with rage ; or that they think, when they follow a mad leader, or that they are free, when they are at the beck of one tyrant, or of thirty. Apropos to the subject, a man has been just now thrown into the bason of the Palais Roïal, for attempting to read something in extenuation of the conduct of the King. They call this ceremony *bassiner un Aristocrate*.

Ever your's.

LET.

L E T T E R XXII.

I AM just now returned from the Champ de Mars, and the Federation, which tells you the day of the month. There is something very pleasant in a date, and yet I am not irreproachable on this head, as I often omit it. The ceremony was performed with great *eclat*, the assembly numerous, and the *esplanade* before the *ecole militaire*, with its amphitheatre, and the Altar of Liberty in the centre, presented altogether a sight truly great and magnificent. From the Military School to the bottom of the Champ de Mars, that is, to the commencement
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of the amphitheatre, is nearly half a mile. I cannot pretend to say what number of people were present at the Federation, but whatever it was, it did not exceed one half of the numbers of the last year, which, you know, was the year of its institution. The fourteenth of July was a very pleasant day, and by no means too hot, but there was a good deal of wind, which made it difficult for the officiating priest to keep the host upon the plate, as the lightest breeze would have blown it away, and then the embarrassment would have been great indeed; he covered it, however, with the patelle, and removed the difficulty. In case, at any time, of the host's falling, it must be covered with a napkin, till water can be got to wash the place, as soon as the several parts of the consecrated

crated wafer have been carefully collected ; then the floor must be scraped, and licked with the tongue, so that every particle, even the smallest, may be taken up. It happened, not long ago, that a box full of holy wafers was let fall on the pavement at the St. Eustache, and scattered to a considerable distance on the floor ; in consequence of which an act of purification took place, which lasted the whole day.

All ranks seemed to be highly delighted with the civil and religious ceremony of this day, and waited with great patience for the Deputies from the National Assembly, who arrived about two o'clock. The people had been on the ground at least five hours before the ceremony began. Mons. de la Fayette, and his friend, an Englishman, were the most

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conspicuous figures ; the Englishman, who was mounted on one of Monf. de la Fayette's horses, accompanied the General through the lines, and remained with him the whole day ; the General himself rode three different horses that day, a white, an iron-grey, and a cream colour. The numbers, at least the computed numbers, present the first year at the Champ de Mars, were three hundred thousand, besides sixty thousand provincial troops, and forty thousand Parisian guards, which you are to divide by two for the present year. I cannot say, I believe at all in this calculation, but it is not possible for an unpractised eye to judge of numbers with any sort of accuracy.

I returned home at four o'clock very well satisfied with my expedition, but not

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without

without some apprehension, that in a few years the priests would be left to say Mass to the troops and the Deputies.

Ever your's.

LET-

L E T T E R XXIII.

July 18.

THERE is always something that goes wrong here every fourteen or fifteen days, and sometimes much oftener. We were all last Friday turned out of the Italian theatre, which was ordered to be shut by a crowd of vagabonds, who amused themselves by running about the town, and alarming every body, because the National Assembly had thought proper to decree, that the King was inviolable. A guard comes into the playhouse, grounds his firelock, and cries, *Il faut cesser*; the company immediately ran out of the house, and left Zemire and her sisters to

enjoy the confusion, and the holiday. As soon as we got into the street we found the alarm was ridiculous, and without foundation ; but the players had, with a precaution most laudable, shut their doors upon us, and cut off our return, so that we were fairly frightened out of our amusement. The same thing happened at another house the next night, when a letter was thrown upon the stage, and the audience insisted on its being read : it was accordingly read aloud by the principal actor, and its contents were, that in the present situation of affairs, the only piece that could be represented with propriety on that, or any other stage, was *La Mort de Cesar*. The reader, in compliance with this demand, said, the piece was got up, and would be played in a day or two. A voice from the pit cried, the letter did not express the

the sentiments of the company present, but had been thrown on the stage by a person who had left the house as soon as he had done it. The piece was accordingly only promised, and never afterwards announced.

The idea of a republican form of government was treated with ridicule in the National Assembly by Barnave; and America, with its immense forests and uninhabited plains, shewn to have no points of comparison with France, where the manners were polished and corrupt, and where the enemy was at the gates. A republic was not made for a country so situated, and to set up such a government was to suppose a political romance, which could be considered in no other light than as visionary and chimerical. France must be governed by a King, and

he must be inviolable, if the King is not inviolable, he is no longer King, since every citizen has it in his power to accuse him, and call him to account.

Ever your's.

LET-

L E T T E R XXIV.

July 18.

PARIS is at this moment in a ferment ; the Palais Roïal is full of motion-makers, and every night the guards are obliged to parade from eight till ten, in order to disperse the groups which form themselves again, as soon as the patrole is passed through them. They demand that the King should be put upon his trial, and insist that the eighty-three departments shall be consulted on the occasion, and that the National Assembly is insufficient of itself to dispose of the King. They hold their meetings at the Altar of the Champ de Mars, and have a petition to

be signed by the whole body ready drawn up for the purpose of gaining time, and preventing the Assembly from pronouncing decisively on the fate of the King. The Assembly, apprehensive of being interrupted in its debates and broken in upon by the mob, have ordered two pieces of cannon to be placed before the principal entrance of the house ; the cannons are loaded with nails and old iron, and the matches are ready lit. Two men were this morning found concealed under the Altar of the Champ de Mars, on the information of a basket woman, who sits on the step : she saw the point of a borer in the interstices of the stones making its way out. She alarmed the guard, who immediately went down into the room beneath the Altar, and discovered an invalid and a hair-dresser, with a small provision of bread and wine, and a barrel,

rel, as they supposed, of gun-powder, though this was never proved, and the barrel is said positively to have contained nothing but water ; but the circumstances were strong, and the men were dragged away to the first municipality, and one was hanged and one had his throat cut ; the invalid with his wooden leg was hanged, and the barber was dispatched by the knife, but both long before they got to the municipality. The supposition was, that these men meant to blow up the Altar and the three thousand petitioners who were assembled on it. The circumstances were very suspicious, and quite strong enough for the people.

The next day the crowd was so great at the Champ de Mars, and so mutinous, that the Mayor was called on to read the riot-act, and display the red flag, which he

he did accordingly, and was attacked at the head of his troops, he and the General La Fayette, with innumerable vollies of stones, and other offensive missile weapons, from the high banks on both sides of the entrance to the field of Mars; in short, this attack was so brisk, that there was no time for one, two, or three notices, but they were obliged to fire in their own defence, which they did, and killed about thirty-five, and wounded about seventy or eighty. There was no other way of dispersing the mob but this, which was effectual. At night a double guard paraded the Palais Roïal with bayonets fixed and presented; the iron gates of the arcades were all shut at nine o'clock, and the garden was cleared before ten. At the Champ de Mars they fired twice in the air before they levelled their pieces. The murder of a chasseur, who was shot
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in his rank, enraged the soldiers a good deal, and made them more violent and determined in their reprisals. Sunday the 17th, the Champ de Mars was shut up, that is, the entrance from the invalids, and defended by six pieces of cannon. At night a Jacobin was sent to the Corps de Garde from the Palais Roial for incendiary motions, and a second turned out of the garden. One Ephraim, a Jew, was taken up for corresponding with the King of Prussia, and a bookseller of Hambourg, who had been introduced to the friends of the Constitution the day that the decree of the inviolability of the King had passed in the Assembly. Many members took their names out of the club of the Jacobins. The man who had aimed at Monsieur de La Fayette in the Champ de Mars, and whose piece

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missed

missed fire, was taken, and would have been hanged, but for the intercession of the General, who nobly procured him his pardon : this uncommon act of generosity raised a suspicion in the breasts of the democrates, that the General and the culprit understood one another ; but in that case, the mock assassin might very possibly have found himself in an unfortunate and ridiculous dilemma ; had the justice of the National Assembly prevailed over the clemency of the offended party, he must have been hanged for the credit of his employer. These quick measures were instrumental in restoring tranquillity, and it is incredible how soon the patrol ceased to parade in the Palais Roïal for the purpose of dispersing the crowds of plotters and debaters. The *drapeau rouge* still continues to fly at the Hotel
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de Ville, but the people are already subdued, and you cannot see three together either in the Champ de Mars, or the Palais Roïal.

Ever your's.

LET-

L E T T E R XXV.

AS to your question whether the specie will return with the peace, when there is nothing to fear from without, and when the King shall have accepted the Constitution and sworn to maintain it; that is, when it shall not be any longer worth any party's consideration to circumvent his Majesty, by a series of intrigue induce him to break his oath, and violate the spirit and the letter of a government to which he has engaged solemnly to conform; then probably will be the breathing time of peace; when the taxes shall be efficient, and the country, by growing com-

com-

commercial, shall grow rich enough to replace that part of its coin which has been sold for bullion in foreign markets, and of course sent to the melting-pot : but then to obtain this end the emigrants must all come back, the people must be all united, the army establishment must be reduced one half, and the swords must be turned into ploughshares, and the guns into fowling pieces. At the present moment there are no signs of these beneficial measures in any part of the kingdom. At Paris, the money is getting scarcer and scarcer, and the assignats are daily falling in value, almost without a check ; their declension is regular, and their course retrograde ; they are very rarely found to look up. Then the Assembly is broke into parties, and the army is ever showing signs of the leaven that is pervading it. The fear of Condé and foreign powers

ers is ever hovering over the inhabitants, and they see nothing but hostilities in the English fleet against France and her ports. All these dreadful appearances may only last for a season, but it is most evident that they must all vanish without leaving a fear or a shadow of apprehension behind them, before the finances of the country can receive the smallest improvement, or a single crown piece be reduced to six livres. The only way left to prevent the exportation is, to debase the coin and reduce the value of the specie; but that this is a dangerous manœuvre, and contrary to good policy, I imagine, may easily be shown; something, however, should be done, for the paper-spirit is gone forth in the city of Paris, and every parish has its coinage, and though the Assembly of the nation has decreed that no man is obliged to take this money, yet

necessity makes it pass, and gives a momentary credit to the Section des Lombards, and the Filles de St. Thomas. All this inundation of paper contributes to drive the specie more and more out of the country, and makes you fancy yourself in the papal territories, where the motto of the Prince of the country is—"Silver
 " and gold I have none, but what I have
 " I give unto thee."

Ever your's.

L

LET-

LETTER XXVI.

July 25.

I THINK I hear you complain, and not without reason, that my letters of late have been uncommonly dull and heavy ; I plead guilty, and make the best excuse I can, in saying, that I thought you would wish to hear a little of every topic that engages the public attention, and every topic is not lively. You are acquainted with the character of Monsieur Bailly, the Mayor of Paris, a man of letters as well as a civil magistrate ; you remember his book on Astronomy and his notion of the Pyramids, that they are the productions of Antediluvian artists, which sounds

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like

like a crazy tale, when compared with the very probable ideas concerning them thrown out of late by some ingenious travellers. The prettiest compliment that could be paid by Monsieur Bailly, would be to compare him with Possidonius, at whose door the conqueror of Asia laid down the consular fasces in order to show the greatest respect possible to philosophy. Monsieur de la Fayette, as a conqueror in America, must here play the part of the Roman General. There is something pretty in this idea, but I fear you will think the dress too fine for the part. You know I am lodged on the Louvre-side of the water, and I have frequent occasion to cross the bridges, and whenever I pass by the Thuilleries, I cannot help thinking of the poet Matthieu, who was *ligueur fanatique*, and sold to the house of Lorraine. He wrote a tragedy called La

Guifiade, in which he makes a courtier say to Henry the Third—

“ Sire, l'on vous menace

“ Que le peuple mettra un Dauphin à votre place.

“ Qu'on vous enfermera comme inutile et sot,

“ Le second Childéric, dans un cloître devot ?”

In the original it is, “ *de Guise à votre place.*” During the disturbances at the Palais Royal, there was Sieur Brun, who was carried to the Corps de Garde for saying, that if any one would follow him he would assassinate both the King and Queen.* The Jew Ephraim and the Hamburg bookseller were said to be the creatures of Pitt and the King of Prussia. Every thing is now perfectly still and quiet, and there is neither motion nor movement of any sort in any part of Pa-

* This man called himself *un homme de loi*, but it appeared that he was a *sans culote*.

ris. The applause at the theatres is very loud every night at the mention of the King's name, which is not so much in the favour of the King, as a marked opposition to republicanism that so lately called aloud for "the death of Cæsar." If there be any allusion at any time in the piece to the state of the King's situation, it is never suffered to pass without the most distinguished approbation, as the line in Semiramis ;

"Le soin de la juger n'est pas notre partage."

The finest thing in Voltaire's funeral pageant, if you recollect, I thought, was the horses. The remark of Henry IV. on seeing a poet in his coach and six fine horses, is applicable even to the Lord of Ferney : "*Jamais, dit le Prince en riant, il n'eut fait un si beau Sixain, que celui qui le tire ?*" I omitted to mention in

my letter on the affair of the 16th, that martial law had been proclaimed two hours at the Hotel de Ville before the Municipality made its appearance at the Champ de Mars; at half an hour after seven o'clock in the evening the Mayor and his suite entered by one of the hollow ways between two high banks of the amphitheatre, from whence they were assaulted with showers of stones. The soldiers first fired powder, but without any effect. The crowd had placed the women and children in the front of the battle to deter the civil and military from proceeding to extremities; but here respect to the sex, or compassion even for the innocent, could not make justice break her sword in such circumstances, after a series of the most daring provocations. I mention these facts as I come to the knowledge of them, for fear they should

escape

escape me in the rapid succession of events in this place ; where it is one day war, and the next peace ; *bellum pax rursus* ; one day they kiss and are friends, the next they hurl Philippics at each other's head in the National Assembly.

Ever your's.

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LET

LETTER XXVII.

THE numberless places on the Seine, in the neighbourhood of the capital, within a short distance, that have been witnesses of extraordinary scenes, well repay any pains you may be obliged to take to become acquainted with their history. The environs of Paris abound in magnificent old castles, of which the details are more than commonly interesting, when you recollect the series of events which have passed within their walls under a variety of reigns, and in a long list of Kings, from Louis the Seventh to Louis the Fifteenth.

It

It was about a league from the gates of Paris, at Vincennes, a place so called from the purity of its air, *vie saine*, that St. Louis held a court of justice under a famous oak, which was still in existence in the sixteenth century. In 1537 the castle, which still remains, was begun to be built by Philippe de Valois, and was finished by Charles the Fifth, who was born at Vincennes. In 1422, Henry the Fifth of England, who succeeded to the Crown of France, instead of Charles the Seventh, died here; as also did Charles the Ninth, of tragic memory; and Louis the Fifteenth passed the first year of his reign in this castle.

Louis the Fourteenth made additions to the castle, and in the Park first saw Madame de la Valiere, of whom he became enamoured in the following man-

ner :

ner :—La Valiere, with three other ladies, was in the Park of Vincennes, engaged in conversation on a ball given at Court, when her companions were loud in the praises of the dancers :—But how you could look at any one else, when the King was present, replied La Valiere, to me is matter of surprize? The King, who was within hearing, but concealed behind a tree, felt all the force of this pure and disinterested compliment, and was delighted with the idea of having inspired a passion on the merit of his own personal charms ; and the love of himself paved the way for the love of La Valiere.

The French, for the most part, are taxed with volatility and inattention to every thing but the present moment, so that you can find no nine days wonder
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in Paris. The *totum triduum* of Phædra is an age ; eight-and-forty hours are in general the extent of their memory, for things even out of the common routine of events ; one thing completely drives out another, where the succession is at all rapid. At a reading club the other day, where hushed silence is for the most part religiously observed, a subscriber takes up Gorfus's Journal, and seeing these words, *L'avant dernière nuit. Comment dit il tout haut l'avant dernier nuit, qui peut se ressouvenir de ça ?*

In France, you know, that dancing is carried to a very high degree of perfection on the stage ; and though it is neither profitable nor creditable for a man of fashion to dance too well, as the proverb says,

Qui

Qui bien chante, et qui bien danse,
Fait un metier qui peu avance,

yet the case is by no means the same, where it is studied as a profession. The French laugh at all other dancers but their own, and will not allow that other nations have the proper dispositions for acquiring the high degree of grace and elegance to which it is possible to carry the art; and if you tell them that Vestris is an Italian, and Heinel a German, they will answer with a sarcasm, *Exceptio probat regulam*. *J'ai connu un Allemand qui avoit de l'esprit.*

A complete change has taken place in the Palais Royal since last Sunday, and all owing to the firmness of the Mayor, and Monsieur de la Fayette; now, if a round or two of musquetry will bring the

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the republicans so soon to their senses, a few cannon balls, one would think, would make them monarchy-men for the rest of their lives. The blame in all great disturbances must lie at somebody's door ; they name an agent of a great Duke for a principal in breeding the late riots ; the accusation, however, seems to destroy itself ; they say, he bribed the people to rise, but no one believes that his Grace has any money for such purposes, whatever he might have had at another period. Be that as it may, no one that comes to Paris by accident at this moment can believe, that five days ago it was hardly safe to be in the streets, and really dangerous to be found anywhere between the Palais Royal and the Champ de Mars, on account of the multitude of swords, and bayonets, and cannons, which might as easily dispatch the
innocent

innocent and curious, as the guilty and
feditious. The scene is now shifted, and
the olive branch succeeds to the fire-
brand.

Ever your's.

LET-

L E T T E R XXVIII.

IN a letter from the Empress of Russia to the King of Sweden, which is evidently forged, is an extract from a letter of Voltaire to the Empress: whether the extract exists in Voltaire's correspondence with her Majesty, or no, I have not examined: *Voltaire m'écrivit un jour, dit l'Impératrice, Quelquefois je suis tenu de croire que l'espece de liberté dont nous jouons en France, est précisément celle qui nous convient: malheur à nous si jamais nous nous avisons de vouloir être libres, comme à la maniere d'Athenes, ou à Londres.—* The same Journal that gives us this quotation, makes us a farther present of
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an epitaph on the same author.—*Cy gît l'enfant gâté du siècle qu'il gâta.*

Monfieur Duveyrier, who was fent upon a fpecial meffage from the National Affembly to the Prince de Condé, the fifteenth of June, is but juft come back. Every body has been very uneafy about him, and it was reported, that it was all the Auftrians could do to fave him from the fury of the French officers, on which even the Aristocrats of the Affembly cried out fhame; and one in particular ventured to fay, that if his fon were in the number of thofe who dared to infult an Ambaffador, he would immediately difinherit him. Monfieur Duveyrier does not make the ftory quite fo black; he fays, that whilft he was detained at Luxemburgh, he ran the gauntlet through the French officers, who loaded him with farcafms,

farcafms, and exhausted the whole train of their raillery on him and his employers. Making his way, he fays, through the crowd to get at the Prince, was like paffing through the zodiac; one looked on him like a lion, another like a fcorpion, and the third like a bull; and every one had fomething difagreeable to fling in his teeth. In fhort, as foon as he had his anfwer from the Prince, who refpected him as he ought to do, he took no regular leave of his countrymen, but made the beft of his way by night from Luxembourg by a crofs road.

The Comte d'Artois, it is faid, receives all fugitives with open arms who fly to his ftandard; but then they muft be of good families, and bring undoubted marks of noble anceftry with them, or their reception is cold, and their advance-

ment flow. I can give a good guess what will be the end of all this recourse to the Emperor, and refuge in Germany ; when the Prince of Condé's diamonds are sold, and the money spent, and all the Comte d'Artois' resources are exhausted, the Emperor and the King of Prussia will be the first to advise them to make the best terms they can with the French nation, through the mediation of the most powerful Courts. This is, provided always, that the King does not escape, and after he has accepted the Constitution, abandon his kingdom ; then, indeed, they might be induced to stand out still longer, but in that case all return would be impracticable. The King is so watched, that he cannot fly till he shall be at liberty, and if he does then, it is at his peril.

As to any assistance to be given to the Princes by the Court of London, towards their carrying on an opposition of any sort to the mother country, the idea, you will agree with me, is perfectly ridiculous, and the expectation visionary. All that England could, or would do, I should conceive, might amount to a junction with Prussia in making peace, and reconciling the parties, which it is demonstrably not against her commercial interest to do.

Ever your's.

L E T T E R XXIX.

THE French crowns, both small and great, are growing scarcer, and bear a higher price than when I spoke of them last; the money is hoarded by one, and sold by another, and exported by a third; those who are known to keep much money by them, have now, however, an additional motive for getting rid of it, as the *sans-culotes* begin to rob and break through stone walls and iron doors, to get at the cash, wherever they suspect it to be concealed; and the great misery attendant on these robberies is, that the person robbed generally loses his all, which

he keeps in his secretaire, unwilling to put any confidence in Government, or any public fund. Hence it is no uncommon thing to find, on the decease of an obscure individual, a large sum in some odd corner, where no one would go directly to look for it. When the Comte d'Escliniac died in the Rue St. Honoré, there was found in a recess in his apartment nearly half a million sterling in gold and silver, which was carried away in carts to the notary's—the notaries keep the money in Paris as the bankers with us. It must be told, at the same time, that the Comte d'Escliniac had married the widow of a financier. The number of families who have lost their all by the Revolution, and are reduced from affluence to want, is considerable, because all those places which were conferred immediately by

royal benevolence, or were the fruits of political intrigue, and for which no money was disbursed, are abolished without recompence, and if you did not buy, you cannot sell : there is nothing unjust in this proceeding, when once you allow the propriety of a Revolution, one of the ends of which is to correct the abuses of prodigality, by a reduction of the extravagance it has occasioned, and an extinction of all its unnecessary expences. As war begets taxes, so prodigality begets places, and it is useless to attempt to reform either the one or the other without first making peace, or creating œconomy ; for instance, a Minister wants to serve a friend, and he has no post to give him, the list is full ; what does he do ? he makes one, he constitutes and appoints him an officer of the King's kitchen, *pour bâter le diner du Roi*, with a handsome

some salary : the consequence is, that this new-created being marries the heiress of the *cuisinier en chef*, begets an elegant progeny of charming daughters and accomplished sons, all born and bred in the air of a Court, and early habituated to great situations. Then comes the change, a cruel change, which rolls them all down at once from the height of their hopes and their grandeur, and leaves them without a spoon or a fork. It is impossible that these people should be reimbursed, as it would be destroying the very end of the Revolution, and cutting the branches of the old Government instead of killing the root. A friend of mine, who is the Deputy of a province, boarded, when he first came to Paris, with one of these elegant families in their reduced state ; but he was soon obliged to change his head-quarters, on account of the constant

abuse which the mistress of the house poured eternally forth against him, and his associates at the National Assembly; loading them with every injurious epithet she could invent, calling them a gang of merciless reformers, who had overwhelmed the world with poverty, and drenched it with tears.

Ever your's.

LET-

LETTER XXX.

THE members of the National Assembly dine together in clubs for the most part, and at a moderate expence. The pay they receive, which was once the case with us, enables them to get through the day tolerably well and very creditably, as they are not charged quite so much for their beef-steak and claret as at the House of Commons. Eating at Paris is not so dear as at Covent Garden, where, without melon, apple, or orange, you do not dine well for five shillings. A printed bill of fare is brought you at Paris, a list of wines and confectionary, and you order what
you

you like. In this list or bill of fare, the names of the dishes are exceedingly curious and perfectly new; for instance, there are *Cotelettes de veau panés à la Sainte Menebould*; and *missépail*, mince-pie, and *Sinbwoich*, Sandwich, set down under the article *dejeuné à l'Anglaise*. As no *entrées* or duties are paid yet in this place, every thing ought to be very cheap, which is really not the case, and when the taxes are laid on and collected, every thing will be very dear.

I cannot but think that the climate of Paris is much hotter, and more genial to cultivation of all sorts, than its position to the South should seem at first sight to authorise. There is, most certainly, no comparison between the fruits and flowers of this country and any part of England, and it never happens here, which occurs
perpe-

perpetually with us, that two or three days rain shall break up the weather to such a degree, that from a state of great heat, the air shall become cold and chilly in four and twenty hours, and not recover its tone again till after ten days constant sunshine. Paris and its suburbs abound with gardens, nurseries, and florists, and they have many articles in flower in a tender state, which require a number of years to bring to that perfection with us. For instance, the *Biguonia Catalpa*, which, though a foreigner, is known in all our grounds laid out in the modern taste, and rich in exotic trees and shrubs. This tree is now in flower in the Comte d'Artois's garden at the Temple, and only four feet high from the tub in which it is planted. It requires in general ten or twelve years, and a height of
at

at least ten or twelve feet, to produce the same effect with us.

The clan of Aristocrates in this place by no means condemn the whole of the process of the Revolution ; they say, even that the National Assembly is full of honourable men and shining characters, but that there are Judases among them, for whom the wheel and the rack is no adequate punishment. Then one man regrets the downfall of the church, another mourns only for the loss of his nobility, a third for his Lord Paramount authority, and a fourth for the favours of the court. They say, that the country was not intended to be free, that the lower orders of the French nation always were cruel, savage, and ferocious, and ought to be kept in perpetual subordination. The manners of the people, under the splendor

dor of a long monarchy, they observe, have acquired a smooth exterior, but when provoked, they have appeared in their original barbarity, and not unlike the cannibals of the North and South, who having first dispatched their enemy, proceed to eat him afterwards. The natural dispositions are not changed by a long course of politeness and good breeding, but whenever violently enraged, will show themselves in their native cruelty and ferociousness. There is a great deal to be said on this subject. Mobs are for the most part fierce and sanguinary, witness the Dutch who tore out the hearts of the De Wits at the Hague and devoured them : if there is an exception, it is in England, where the mad multitude is infinitely more mischievous than cruel ; if they tread a man under foot, no rage or fury against his person will, that I know, induce

duce them to mutilate his body. But to have done with this bloody subject, and to console you for having dwelt so long on it, I promise to drop it entirely, and in my next to endeavour, at least, to dedicate myself wholly to your amusement.

Ever your's.

LET-

L E T T E R XXXI.

I MET the other day with some irregular verses in the Almanach des Muses for this year, which endeavour to show that liberty is not a state of ease or indolence, but a state, on the contrary, of vigilance, and activity, if you wish to preserve it entire and pure from all infringement. You may turn to the French at your ease, or on second thoughts, as I recollect you have not the original, I will take the trouble to transcribe it, and the liberty to add my translation or imitation, as an accompaniment.

L'ES-

L'ESCLAVE FABULISTE,

APOLOGUE OU CONTE.

Un petit Anglois,

Dans son palais,

Vivoit gaiment à la Française :

Trompé par les catins, flatté par les bouffons ;

Prostituant son cœur, et dissipant ses fonds,

Il s'hébétoit tout à son aise.

On lui dit que son parlement

Sur l'Inde, sur la Chartre, et semblable fadaïse,

Se débatoit violemment.

Le pacifique Lord, étendu mollement

Sur sa chaise,

Disoit : “ mon Dieu ! que je suis las

“ De ces débats

“ Si longs, si plats.

“ Les noms de Fox, de Pitt fatiguent mon oreille :

“ Sur notre liberté le monde s'émerveille ;

“ Quel fruit recueillons nous de cette liberté ?

“ Un trouble interminable, une longue anarchie ;

“ N'espérons de tranquillité

“ Qu'avec l'entière monarchie.

“ Dieu !

“ Dieu ! donnez nous un souverain

“ Qui maintienne la paix, et finisse le train.”

Un Indien, esclave fidele,

Esclave ingenieux, étoit près de Milord :

---Milord, dit il, permettez à mon zele

De vous faire un recit---parle---A Chandernagor,

“ Pays de lacs, et de montagnes,

“ Des orages frequens alarment les campagnes :

“ Aussitôt que l’eclaira filloné les cieux,

“ Le peuple de fremir, de recourir aux dieux.

“ Un jour qu’au bruit de la tempête,

“ Devant l’idole il prioit à genoux,

“ Sur l’autel ebranlé parut le Dieu Visnoux :

“ Pacifiant les airs d’un mouvement de tête,

“ Peuple, dit il, que voulez vous ?

“ Le plus hardi (non le plus sage)

“ Cria : Grand Dieu ! nous demandons

“ Que le Nabab de nos cantons

“ Ait le droit d’empêcher l’orage.

.. “ Ce droit, reprit le Dieu, vous couteroit trop cher ;

“ Car si votre Nabab peut empêcher l’orage,

“ Il osera bientôt vous intercepter l’air.”

Frappé de l’avis salutaire,

Le noble et paresseux Anglais,

Courut au parlement lut, et fit des pamphlets,

Intrigua, se ligua, vit qu’il est nécessaire

De parler, de crier fur les lois, les impôts ;
Et que la liberté n'étoit pas le repos.

TRANSLATION.

With sumptuous fare
An English heir
Liv'd gayly like a Prince of France ;
By harlots gull'd,
And flatterers lull'd,
He steeped his senses in a trance.
In vain they tell him of the state,
And Parliamentary debate ;
Of India, and its barter,
Of England, and her charter :
Damn'd stuff ! long speeches, how I hate, he cries,
As gently stretch'd upon the couch he lies.
For Fox, or for Pitt
I care not a whit ;
Let Fox still propose,
And Pitt still dispose.
Nay---Fox be the man,
Rout Pitt and his clan.
Yet do what we will,
We never are still,

The parties will jar,
 And wage wordy war.
 For we ne'er can be quiet,
 Till it ends in a riot.
 Then shall mad liberty's eternal cheer,
 With three times three fatigue the deafen'd ear,
 Alas! the world's deceiv'd, no peace we know,
 Our boasted freedom is an empty show.
 To check these growing ills, kind heaven, we pray,
 Send us a righteous king with sovereign sway.

A faithful slave of India's shore,
 A slave of parts from Chand'nagore,
 (Rich in high mountains, lakes, and wood)
 In supplicating posture stood,
 And crav'd permission with a good intent
 To tell his tale---his Lordship nods assent.
 " When lightnings rend the eastern sky,
 " The frightened peasants prostrate lie.
 " One day a storm the low'ring clouds foretell,
 " Low on the bended knee the pious people fell
 " Before the altar of their God ;
 " The altar trembled and the God appeared,
 " His feet on earth, his head to heaven upreared,
 " And calm'd the tempest with a nod.
 " What, faith the God, doth mortal man require ?
 " The boldest cries, but not the wisest, Sire !

“ Grant to our Sovereign Lord, we pray, the power

“ To calm the storm, and quench the fiery shower.

“ The God replies, there’s room to fear

“ You’ll buy this precious boon too dear :

“ For he, who stills the storm, may dare

“ Next to monopolize the air.”

Struck with the hint, the noble Lord

Ran quickly to the council-board ;

There spoke, debated, and intrigued,

And with the opposition leagued,

Convinced ’twas freedom to maintain,

To put no trust in any reign.

Resolved, each minister to tease,

For liberty’s no state of ease.

Ever your’s.

LET-

LETTER XXXII.

THE accounts you give of the riots at Birmingham are truly alarming. Disturbances often break out in the quarter where they are not looked for: every one here expected to be told that London had been the sad scene of tumult and disorder: when, lo! the mad voice of riot begins in the region of mild philosophy, and at the very gates of science. It is very hard, says Doctor Priestley, to be so treated, after fourteen years of quiet residence with the inhabitants of Birmingham; but in the name of patience, is it not equally hard that any one man who

has lived peaceably for the space of fourteen years in any neighbourhood, should wish to disturb the peace of that neighbourhood, and look forward to the downfall of that society which has afforded him a constant protection for so long a period. I do not mean to excuse any acts of violence or popular tumult ; and I regret as much as any one the loss which science has sustained in the demolition of Doctor Priestley's house, and the destruction of his books and papers ; at the same time I think the country has as just a cause of complaint against Doctor Priestley, as he can have against the rioters.

The reports of the forces of the rebel army are perpetually kept up, and it is said they want but three things to be in perfect readiness to begin their campaign ; 1st. money,—2d. ditto,—3d. money. I
fear

fear if they begin at all they will not wait for the King's joining them, as he is, I imagine, too sick of his last expedition to wish to repeat it. They say his Majesty amuses himself at billiards and forgets his misfortunes ; his friends say, he is very well informed of the state of his kingdom and its finances ; that he reads a great deal, and has a prodigious memory, and knows all the old English families ; the first part of his character, that he knows what passes in France, does not agree too well with his own testimony on his return from his fruitless expedition ; when he declared in his speech to the National Assembly, that he was now convinced the people were enamoured of the new Constitution. The idea of the insufficiency of the Princes to disturb the peace of Paris, and their ridiculous gasconades, is represented at one of the new theatres in

the rue St. Martin, with the greatest success, under the title of the review *des armées blanches et noires*. The army passes in review before the Prince of Condé, and receives the benediction of the Cardinal de Rohan, who promises them they shall be as invincible, as the Pope is infallible. The troops consist of Bishops, Monks, Nuns, and Abbesses, and a few handfulls of grenadiers and privates, with a regiment of officers. Should the Emperor at any time think seriously of attacking France in defence of his sister, he must be very cautious how he disturbs the hornets of his own household, which it is more than probable might be the case, and then France would not sit still a quiet spectator, like England, but think itself justified in making reprisals.

We

We are now arrived at the decree which is lately passed for the abolition of all orders, the King, however, still wears his blue ribbon, and if the King, then the Minister will do the same thing, and for a good reason, because the Constitution is not yet begun, and does not exist for his Majesty till he has accepted it. All emigrants, it is also decreed, must return in a month from the first of August, or pay triple taxes. This was before determined on, but not decreed till now.

Much pleasantry circulates from time to time at the expence of his holiness the Pope, and ancients and moderns are quoted to show that Rome cannot be saved.

“ *Semper sub sextis perdita Roma fuit.* ” OVID.

“ Le Pape enfin perdant ses droits accumulés ;

“ On brulera celui qui nous a tant brulé,

“ On le ferra même, et ce dieu ridicule

“ Attendra vainement qu'on lui baise sa mule.”

The

The refractory priests in the pays de Caux have been banished to the distance of ten leagues from their own parishes. This is only placing the evil a little farther off. A change of country will not produce a change of disposition.

“Cœlum non animum.”

Ever your's,

LET-

LETTER XXXIII.

August.

WE wait with impatience for the new pieces of fifteen and thirty fous, which have been promised for some time. We are to have also, at the same time, fous of bell-metal, which will be, they say, of the colour of pale gold, and not very unlike a double louis d'or. Specimens of each have been circulated, and only specimens; for although the coinage is finished, and delivered, it does not make its appearance in public; and I am told you may buy as many as you please; that is, if you will give eighteen fous for a piece of fifteen. This is a most shameful

ful imposition on the people, but it is so in every thing.

“ Car on vend tout ici jusqu’ à l’honneur.”

A louis in gold is worth four livres, an ecu de six francs is worth vingt sous, and so on to the small money; thirty livres in small change cost three livres; then the assignats of 200, 100, and downwards, to the five livres of the patriotic bank, are all sold in proportion to their relative values, and the small bills are the dearest. A hundred livres, in bills of five each, were worth, at one time, three livres in exchange with assignats of cent francs. Bills on England have been worth thirty per cent. paid en gros assignats of a thousand livres, which, were you obliged to change into money, it

would

would cost you seventeen or eighteen per cent. to negotiate.

The project of Calonne, to call in the gold, recoin it, and, I suppose, considerably debase it, and, perhaps, the silver also, is the only means of preventing its being exported, and yet the National Assembly has never thought proper to adopt it, probably, because the thing was considered as equally dishonourable as impolitic; and yet the late King of Prussia saw nothing wrong in it, though, had he heard of its being done elsewhere, he might, probably, have broke forth as he did on other less inviting occasions :

O sagesse des Deux ! Je te crois très profonde,
Mais à quels plats tyrans as tu livré le monde !

The

The Constitution is this moment published, adorned with the figure of liberty and her attributes. Neither the clergy, nor the church-lands, are mentioned in it : it is not even said, that the property which was in the hands of the priests has been resumed by the nation, and can never pass back again to its last possessor : this has appeared to be a serious omission in the eyes of the Democrates ; but with submission, the matter would have been out of place, had it been mentioned here, just as much as a detail in a chapter of generals, or a by-law in a bill of rights.

The Constitution will undergo an immediate revision, and then be presented to the King for acceptance : there is no time to be lost in this business, as until it shall be finished, no explanations can be entered into with foreign Powers, no
royal

royal functions can be exercised, and no proper foundation can be laid for a mutual confidence between the Sovereign and the people; and the National Assembly, and the departments, without a previous establishment, and explicit declaration, of the basis on which that confidence shall be reposed. In the happiest of all possible worlds, and under the best of all imaginable constitutions, if the people are in debt, and have no money to pay that debt, they will have no credit; and if they have no credit, they will have nothing to eat, and, however they may be constituted and appointed, they must starve. Not, however, to lay too much stress on hypothesis, I believe it to be a fact, that the royal domains, and the lands of the clergy, have been calculated from the products of the good years, and from the revenues of the best estates, in the most

abundant and the most fruitful provinces, so that every part of the kingdom must be equally productive, in order to verify the calculation, and make up the sum total. The Assembly, however, which has no time to go into details, has applauded and confirmed the labours of Mons. Camus. If these things are so, a considerable deficit in the product of the church-lands may be the consequence.

Ever your's.

LET.

L E T T E R XXXIV.

August 8.

THREE days are scarce ever permitted to pass without some fierce engagement between the Republicans and the Monarchy men. On Friday last a Chevalier, of the order of Cincinnatus, was attacked by a famous journalist, in one of the numberless passages near the Palais Royal, and rolled in the kennel, to the great diversion of the mob, who were apostrophised by the republican writer of a newspaper, *A moi patriotes, c'est un Aristocrate*. Both the parties tell the story, and each makes the other the aggressor. Le Chevalier is famous for his

skill in fencing and firing, and the Journalist, it seems, for the use of the bludgeon. The origin of the misunderstanding appears very slight to a common spectator or looker on, but to the actors in the drama, and abettors of the good cause, on either side, fully sufficient to justify a serious quarrel, and an unprovoked attack. The crime of Monsieur Le Chevalier was, as he tells us himself, *pour avoir applaudi à quelqu'un qui portoit la santé du Roi.* For this he was abused in a flaming paragraph, and nearly demolished at noon-day in the public street. The other party tells the story differently. One thing is, however, certain, that the best swordsman and the most accomplished FIRER at a mark, cannot always insure himself from being caned.

Of all the excursions from Paris in the fine season, there is none that can compare with the drive to the Bois de Boulogne ; I do not pretend to describe this enchanting place in prose, it is impossible, but if you will allow me the liberty of having recourse to the poets, I will quote Piron's description of a wood, which looks as if it were made for this feat of delight, that is an object of attraction at all hours, whether in the morning, or at noon, or in the evening of a fine day.

Bois d'une beauté complete,
 Triste et charmant à la fois,
 Bois où l'amour a des armes,
 Où l'austere pudeur
 Se foudmectroit sans alarmes :
 Bois où meme avec douceur,
 Dans les plus cruels malheurs,
 L'Amant verseroit des larmes :
 Bois où tout jusqu' à l'horreur.

Pour un cœur tendre a des charmes.

Là, dans le sein du repos,

L'ame s'égare et s'oublie ;

Sa douce melancholie

Transforme des lieux si beaux,

Et n'en fait qu'un seul enclos,

D'Amathonte, de Paphos,

De Cythère et d'Idalie.

On the skirts of this wood is a beautiful villa belonging to the Comte d'Artois, which begins to want the master's eye in order to keep it in the state of elegance that it deserves: it is laid out in the best possible manner, and made to appear of double the extent of ground that it really occupies. Its decorations are all in the best taste, and form altogether the prettiest gem in the neighbourhood of Paris ; add to this Desflisse's verses, which should be read under a tree on the spot. The statue of a nymph, in the vestibule
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of the maifonnette, looks, for the eafe of its attitude, like an antique repaired, it is the ftatue of a Roman nymph, with a bafket of fruit on her head, which ſhe holds with one hand, and with the other an earthen pot of an elegant form, with a femicircular handle acrofs its mouth, not unlike an antique fire-pot, though ſomewhat too long. In the eafe of this figure Monf. Moineau has trod cloſe on the heels of the ancients, as alſo in the birds, fiſhes, and animals on the vafes, that are diſperſed here and there in the grounds, ſome of which are on the triangular baſes of the antique Candelabra. A garden dreſſed up with altars, gods, and great men, and adorned not with ſtraight line terraces, flower-pots, and paved alleys, but with the inequalities of Nature in full beauty, and the various charms of verdure, woods, and water, unites all the

advantages of antiquity with all the improvements of modern art, and is, in a word of a great poet,

Le merite de l'art fournis à la nature.

The French who reside near Versailles tell you, this garden is nothing in comparison of the Queen's gardens at Trianon, and elsewhere, and not to be named on the same day with many others: but then they forget the river, the village of Puteau, and the bridge of Neuilli, which belong to the Comte d'Artois's grounds, and seem to touch every part of them; whereas the gardens of the Queen and Mousseaux are rich parterres in chalky desarts.

The French, Italians, and Germans, in general, do not like nature, except she
be

be curled and buckled. I remember a foreigner of high rank in London, who proposed to cut down all the trees at Blenheim, and to turn the river at Greenwich Hospital ; and who preferred *le pays plat et le poisson doux* to the heights of Mount Edgumbe, and the John Dory's of Plymouth.

Ever your's.

LETTER XXXV.

IN the neighbourhood of Bagatelle is Ranelagh, or Ranelack, as it is called, close to the royal hunting-box of Muette, and at the entrance of the Bois de Boulogne from the village of Passy, the residence of Franklin, and the spot from which Pilatre de Rozier first ascended in his balloon. Ranelagh was built for a ball-room at the time when the whole Court, seven or eight years ago, were shut up at Muette for six weeks; I say shut up, because they must have been well packed in so small a place for so large a company. The Queen then attended the

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the balls given every Saturday at Ranelagh, and was a subscriber; the company of course was choice. The subscription still continues, but is now fallen into the dregs of wretched times, for the dancing cavaliers are all fled, and the high plumed dames are left without partners of the right sort. The beauty of the scene still draws numbers, and you are not admitted without a subscriber's ticket, which is easily procured. But no one wishes to breathe the air of a hot ball-room in a summer-evening, when he can be stretched at his ease on a fine turf. The ball suffers a good deal by the Revolution in quality, but not in numbers, the room is always full. Tityrus remains, but the Knights are fled, crying,

Nos patriæ funes, et lampada linquimus altam.

The

The red flag, which has been flying at the Hotel de Ville since the affair of the Champ de Mars, is now taken down, on account of the restoration of perfect tranquillity to the city of Paris. The National Assembly has been lately informed, that nothing could have prevented the seventy-eighth regiment from passing over to the emigrants, but the firmness and vigilance of the Lieutenant-Colonel. The story of the day is the King's answer to Mons. de la Fayette, who told him, that very shortly his Majesty would be at liberty to take the air at St. Cloud, or Compeigne, *à la bonne heure, dit le Roi, " Je vous prendrai pour*
" mon geolier, mais non pas pour mon me-
" decin." The people grow impatient for the opening of the Thuilleries, but they must wait still a little longer: the wicked wits are for sending the Royal Family to
 I the

the *ecole militaire*, and the National Assembly to the invalids, that they may enjoy the shade of the tall trees of the Thuilleries, which is not to be had at the Palais Royal.

There is nothing that seems to keep up the spirit of antipathy so much between the *Tiers Etat*, and the Nobility and Ministry, as the recollection of the immense fortunes made by the latter, especially, as it were, in a moment of time.

A Minister, for instance, who is well known to be by no means over-rich, takes the direction of affairs, and, after a few years in the Cabinet, dies with the reputation of being worth twenty-two millions, which, if you reduce to fifteen, to make due allowance for the exaggeration

ration of envy and calumny, will amount to more than half a million sterling. The Treaty of Commerce, indeed, which was made during this administration, deserved something of England, as it has never been good for any thing to France. To explain this would be to attempt to dive too deep into the projects of Government, which, when they succeed, sufficiently explain themselves. Cases, however, occur much stronger than the one alluded to, where the provocation of the goose is shewn to be more justifiable, in proportion as the plucking has been more severe,

Monfieur de Calonne, they say, began his political career at the head of affairs one million and a half in debt, and in a very short space of time entered into a contract to purchase, round his own
house,

house, an extent of country valued at twelve millions of livres. For the truth and certainty of these matters I do not pledge myself, and I think it probable that they are much exaggerated.

It was by this sort of proceeding, that the annual deficit arrived at last, as demonstrated by the National Assembly, to two hundred and sixty-five millions, when the territorial impost was projected, and attempted to be laid on by the Archbishop of Brienne, the failure of which was the immediate cause of the Revolution.

Ever your's.

LET-

L E T T E R XXXVI.

A WOMAN has been punished lately before the Court of the Palais Royal in a singular manner, for debauching young girls of thirteen and fourteen years old, and felling them to pimps and procurers. The lady is exhibited astride an afs with her head towards the tail; she rides in this humiliating position, and, if you believe Monf. Galand, after the oriental fashion, towards the pillory, where she remains for three quarters of an hour, or more, and then returns to the Salpetriere in the same order that she arrived. There is no pelting on this occasion as with us, no stones,

stones, no rotten eggs; on the contrary, a collection is made among the crowd during the ceremony, for the consolation even of suffering vice, and almost every one gives something.

The guard round the castle of the Thuilleries has been doubled of late, owing to some information given of a plan, by a Monsf. Santerre, to set the King free, and afford him an opportunity of escaping during a temporary riot, which was to be raised by setting fire to different parts of Paris at the same time. A detachment was sent to Monsf. Santerre's house to take him into custody, but he was fled. Since that, letters and addresses to the citizens have appeared at the corners of the streets, signed Santerre, denying the fact, or any knowledge of it, which confirmed many in their suspicions
of

of its reality, and that Santerre was the contriver of it.

In a serious dispute the other day at an aristocratical coffee-house in the Palais Royal, one of the parties, who had a defect in his elocution, set the room in a roar in attempting to answer his adversary. After he had turned about his mouth for some time, and made a series of frightful grimaces, he stuttered out at length, *Fi-fi-fi-de votre constitution, elle fait pi-pi-pi-tié, elle ressemble au ca-ca-ca-bos.*—Things of this kind happen daily, and do no harm where they break no bones, or cut no throats.

I continue still to amuse myself in the mornings on the shady side of the street, in hunting after curiosities. I was the other day at the Mont de Pieté, where
the

the unredeemed pledges are sold once a year. The Mont de Pieté consists of an immense building round two courts, where all the brokers' shops of the city seem to be united in one spot : the courts were filled with people of the lowest class, and the pledges, which appeared of little or no value, could never have raised two guineas on any one article that I saw sold, of watches or trinkets. They say at Paris, that if you can walk the streets without being run over, or knocked down, for twenty years together, without fracture, bruise, or contusion, you deserve the Croix de St. Louis. Indeed the task is very difficult, and, in spite of all your precaution, you must sometimes find yourself between a cart and a hackney-coach, so situated as to be in danger of an embrace on one side or the other :

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it is the fashion, nevertheless, to walk, and the first people run about in boots and great coats, with short clubs in their hands, that is, when the season will permit, for at this moment a casimere coat is too thick.

The French manufactures have of late had full employment, and been in constant exercise, owing to the depression of the assignats, and the high price of specie, which has made it impossible to remit bills to London, or Madrid, or elsewhere, on France, where the exchange is so disadvantageous, as to occasion a loss of twenty-five and thirty per cent. whereas the loss on manufactures is not more than twelve or fifteen at the most. This turns the scale against England, and shews, that when things are at the worst, they will

will sometimes correct themselves. It now becomes the interest of the neighbouring countries to raise the exchange with France.

Monf. Bailli, the Mayor, was yesterday at the Palais Royal, to repress the insolence of the Aristocrates at the Café de Foy; he ordered a standard to be raised before the marquee of the coffee-house, crowned with a cap of liberty, and adorned with a flag of three colours, on which was inscribed, on one side, *Je n'ai fait que passé, ils n'étoient plus déjà*; on the other, *Ils ont osé lever leur front audacieux*. This had the effect of *drapau rouge* on the mal-contented, and they were instantly dispersed for a day or two. The next day appeared an advertisement by way of pasquinade on the national guards.

Magazin de Fayence bleue

Dont les plats ne vont pas au feu.

—Ceux qui voudront faire emplette

S'adresseront à la Fayette.

Ever your's.

LET-

LETTER XXXVII.

August 1791.

THE refractory priests have driven one of their brethren mad, and the poor man, in a fit of despair, has thrown himself out of a garret window into the street: his name was Monjellard, Curé de Barjols, and Député de Toulon. The nonjurors obliged him to retract the civic oath he had taken to be faithful to the Law and the King. “*Non tulit hoc præsul.*” This was too much for his conscience to bear, and in order to get rid of the load he threw himself out of a window, and died a martyr to the spirit of versatility and indecision. The clergy, who are much in-

fectcd with what the Democrates call the Patrician leprosy, or the luxuries of a good living, leave no stone unturned to persuade their flock that the National Assembly is a gang of Atheists. One of them preached to his flock lately—" *Les Athées de l'Assemblée Nationale, mes ouailles, ont aboli le droit de Seigneur Jesus Christ; ils ont attenté à la divinité de notre S. J. C: plus de Seigneur, mes ouailles.*" This is not unlike the story of the countryman who passed through Covent Garden during the poll for Westminster, when he saw a man on the hustings haranguing the electors, who, they told him, was the Minister—He the Minister, says the booby, why he has got a tail, our Minister has no tail.

The French theatre has a great superiority over every other in its scrupulous adhe-

adherence to the costume of every country and every character which it exhibits upon the stage. The most striking example I can produce of the truth and exactness of this remark, is in the *Menechmes Grecs*, which is brought forward on the French theatre, called *les Variétés*. Nothing can be more pleasing than to see the dress of the father and the son, the courtesan and the matron, the master and the slave, the physician and the artizan, conformable to what you know, or have great reason to believe, was the dress of the character in real life and existence. The scenery also and the decorations of the houses, the streets and the porticos, all lend a pleasing illusion, and throw you back into the very times of the fable, and place you at Athens or at Thebes, just as the story requires. A hint may be borrowed from this school for the

greater perfection of the Westminster play, which in its present state is a *fier auchepot* of modern dress and ancient manners, like the hat of Harlequin on the head of Augustus, or Grecian architecture in a Gothic cathedral.

The great scarcity of money has at length produced the pieces of fifteen sous, but none of thirty; the former of fifteen sous are very convenient, as eight of them make exactly six livres. The execution of this coin is very good. The head of the King is a great likeness, around it is

Louis XVI. Roi des François 1791.

On the reverse is a figure with wings engraving on a pillar the word Constitution, around it is *Regne de la Loi*, on one side is 15, and on the other, Sous. In the exergue *L'An 3 de la Liberté*. These pieces,

pieces, it is true, are issued, but still so scarce, that there is but one place, which is at the French theatre, where they will give them in exchange for the small bills of the patriotic bank.

I mentioned in a former letter a robbery in which some one had lost all he had, because it was unfortunately all together in one place. The sufferer was an Huissier of the National Assembly, a Mr. Rose, of Scot's extraction ; the Assembly, which is very liberal, it is to be hoped, will redress him in some way or other. There is no Fielding or Wright in this town to aid you in recovering lost property, and if you do not wish to be robbed, you must either keep your treasure well concealed, and not all in one purse, or keep none at all. Madame du Barré, it seems, has found her diamonds in Eng-
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land which she lost at Lucienne, though I should imagine at a considerable expence, having been under the necessity of employing so many spies and emissaries, and seeing so many lawyers; but to get back the value of forty or fifty thousand pounds, who would not willingly expend four or five, and make the lowest bow to the police of the country that had been instrumental in the recovery?

Ever your's.

LET.

LETTER XXXVIII.

MR. Burke passes at Paris in certain circles for the greatest politician since the days of the president Montesquieu, and it is insisted on, that his predictions already begin to be accomplished. Of this, however, you will be a competent judge very shortly, and before I shall finish this correspondence. The beauties of Mr. Burke's book on the French Revolution have many enthusiastic admirers in this place, independently of the doctrine it contains, and purely on the score of a fine composition. Others, indeed, talk of it as a disgusting libel, full of declamation

and scholastic eloquence : they deny every idea of usurpation, and insist upon it, that the case perfectly analagous to the change of Government in France, is the getting rid of a bad manager or a faithless steward by ejectionment, who had racked out the estate, and ruined the tenants by laying greater burdens on them than they could bear ; and that to so great a degree, that they were on the point of letting the lands go uncultivated, as one half of the product went to the steward, and the other half to the labour and the seed. It was time, therefore, to take the farm into your own hands when it was in danger of lying fallow, and making no returns whatsoever. They say also that the case required a radical cure, and that checks and restraints were but at best temporary palliatives, on which no dependence could be had that there would not be a relapse in

in the disorder, and then all remedy be too late, and the evil for ever incurable. On these considerations it was thought proper to give up the dignity of the crown, once so dear in their eyes, in order to preserve its existence; to lower to the dust the exalted front of the Tiara and the mitre; and, finally, to sacrifice all rank and order to the spirit of level and licentiousness.

Adieu cercle à fleurons de Marquis et de Comte,
 Et ces larges mortiers à grands bords abattus,
 Adieu——

On me voit plus ici la grandeur imposante,
 Portant de l'épaule au côté
 Un ruban que la vanité
 A tissé de sa main brillante:

As to the necessity of these harsh measures, that success can only justify, I leave you to determine; as to the propriety and fitness, the event must decide: there is no
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danger, I imagine, of the crown's recovering its lustre, if the King can be satisfied with being the first man in his dominions; the nobility too will no doubt raise its head, and order and ribband revive, provided the birth and distinction shall think it no derogation of their honour to be on a level with the peasant and the manufacturer in contributing to the necessities of the state. As to the clergy, if they rise, it must be like the branching palm against oppression; their wings have been cut close with a design that they should not grow again too fast, and yet enough has been left to enable them to soar in the great Assembly of the nation above other orders, if their talents and their integrity will bear them up.

The time is now almost expired, when it will be required of the present members
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of the National Assembly to retire and make room for their successors. The greatest part of them after three years of close attendance are, no doubt, "weary of conjectures," and wish to enjoy the conclusion. But then the idea of serving your country in the infancy of her establishment, when she wants your good offices, most certainly keeps up the spirits, and never suffers the attention to flag. Add to this, that you are paid, and it is your duty to be worthy of your hire. The Princes of the blood, it is decreed, are capable of being employed as active citizens, but in no offices on the nomination of the people, or the department of the ministry. They may command, however, the army or navy in case the King shall propose them formally to the National Assembly, and they shall be duly authorized by the legislative power.

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The Aristocrates could have carried the point, had they pleased, and made the Princes eligible Members of the Assembly, but the emigrant powers did not instruct them on this head, seeing that the Duke of Orleans and the Prince of Conti only, would have reaped the more immediate benefit of the success of the measure.

Ever your's.

LET-

L E T T E R XXXIX.

August.

THE Fête de St. Louis passed off this year unobserved. The King would receive no bouquet either from the Academy, or Les Dames de la Halle; and of course, I imagine, the ladies lost their annual present of a hundred louis. I own I was delighted with the King's spirit, and highly pleased that the gentle dames were touched upon so tender a part, and yet they bore it so well as not to force the castle and demand justice at the foot of the throne. The academy of inscriptions held its public session as usual on this day, and though there never was a

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time

time when there were so many premiums to bestow since its institution, yet there never were fewer claimants to receive them. A poetical prize of the year 1790 was obliged to stand over to the year 1792. This is the more remarkable, as the choice of the subject was left to the author: but politics absorb every idea both in town and country; all France is in one general agitation and universal tumult, and it is impossible to write verses in a hurricane. Scaliger, indeed, says he composed his dithyrambic ode in the night of the massacre, but then I imagine the cries of the dying Protestants either did not exist for him, that is, did not reach him, which is improbable, or his vain glory, which is more likely, got the better of his veracity.

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The panegyric or life of Franklin not having been written since it was proposed as a prize subject, is reserved for ninety-two. The eulogy of Jean J. Rousseau is in the same circumstances. The gold medal of twelve hundred livres, for want of a candidate, is proposed again for the next year.

The prize founded by the Abbé Raynal, is now become of triple value, and is accordingly divided into two medals of twelve hundred each for the year 1792. The subjects are, An historical Essay on the Reign of Louis the Eleventh, and the Influence of the Discovery of America on the Morals, Politics, and Commerce of Europe.

Monsieur de la Harpe read a paper in which he gave some account of the principal poets and verse-writers from the time

of Augustus to the present reign of Louis Seize.

Monfieur Delille read to the Academy an extract from his poem on the imagination. I fend you an epigram by way of consolation for this dearth of genius, that appeared yesterday, and is perfectly new to me, on some unfortunate apostate who thought proper to accept of a commission in the national guards, though he had been heard to say but the day before, that a man must be both fool and knave to serve in the new corps.

Damon disoit hier, et disoit avec éclat,¹
 Qu'il faudroit être un sot, un lâche, un scelerat,¹
 Pour prendre maintenant un emploi militaire ;
 Il l'accepte aujourd'hui, la consequence est claire.

You remember the famous note of a consummate politician and orator in the
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blank leaf of a splendid Roman history ; that you know was in prose, this is in verse, which makes the only difference between them. I like the epigram much, and think it neatly turned.

The account that the Aristocrates give of the National Assembly is, that it consists of four parties, Monarchy, Anarchy, Republic, and Corps Federatif, and in this way of division you may make fourteen if you will ; not more than thirty, they say, have made fortunes, and all the rest have got nothing but their trouble and their pay. This is said to flatter themselves into a belief that nothing so heterogeneously composed can ever be long lived ; but should this body politic, by a proper course of physic, purge itself of its bad humours, the time may probably

be not far distant, when those who now hold it in abomination, will give something to belong to it.

The guard was turned out at two o'clock this morning by a soldier who dreamt that the King was making his escape, and cried out in his sleep, *Le Roi s'est échappé, le Roi est parti*. This was immediately communicated from post to post, and the centinels were all on the *qui vive* in an instant. The Queen, hearing a noise, put her head out of the window, and asked what was the matter, when it was discovered from what quarter proceeded the false alarm.

The National Assembly has given twelve hundred foot, and six hundred horse-guards to the King, which has
moved

moved the bile of the mal-contents or the petty journalists to a violent degree. Pisistratus, they say, had but fifty bodyguards when he began to play the tyrant; Peter the Great had but fifty, when he conceived the plan of subduing his country. But although Louis XVI. is neither a Pisistratus nor a Peter the Great, nevertheless the Dauphin may possess both the tyranny and the enterprize of the one and the other. Considering, however, the extent of the *maison royale* in former times, eighteen hundred is a moderate number. The *maison royale* consisted of twelve thousand troops who followed the court. There were the *mousquetaires noirs et les mousquetaires gris; les chevaux legers, la prevoté, les gardes Françaises et les gardes Suisses, et les gardes de la porte, les cent Suisses, &c.* The King is

to pay his eighteen hundred troops out of his allowance, and they will cost him a considerable sum.

Ever your's,

LET.

L E T T E R XL.

THE Mayor de Varennes has sent word to the National Assembly, that he begs leave to decline the honour of the reward which they have voted him of six thousand livres for his patriotism in arresting the King, and preventing his Majesty from abandoning his country : at the same time the Mayor desires the money may be employed in charity, and distributed to the national guards. This act of disinterested regard for his country has raised him very high in the opinion of the great Assembly of the nation. I am told, and I believe I never hinted any thing to you
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of the fort in any former letter, that it was the intention of the Princes, as soon as they should be in possession of the King, to declare his Majesty unfit to govern his kingdom, and to appoint a regent. It looks as if Louis Seize had heard something of this design, for he is not at all sorry to get back again to Paris, and makes very light of his present state of captivity. They have not yet done with the Bastile at the play-houses, they have brought it out again at the French theatre in the Palais Roïal, but without any great effect ; for as soon as the firing begins, every thing is enveloped in a cloud of smoke, and you can see nothing plain. I am surpris'd they did not give us the representation of the ingenious manner in which the besiegers masqued the cannon, that they brought to bear upon the castle, and actually carried away by the first shot

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the chain that supported the draw-bridge. They placed in the real siege a cart full of straw and combustible matter, at a proper distance, before the cannon, which they set on fire, and the smoke prevented the besieged on the walls from seeing from what quarter the balls were directed.

The opposite parties of the King and the Jacobins balance one another for the most part pretty exactly ; sometimes one gets the ascendant, sometimes the other.

At the Jacobins the other day, in a fit of superiority, a member made the following flaming motion : *à la Cromwell pour desacer le Roi*—To lay the regalia on the table of the National Assembly ; to keep the King a close prisoner for two years, and then to reconsecrate him. Fortunately for the mover, this motion was not seconded.

seconded. Complaint was made a day or two ago to the National Assembly, that Monsieur de Gamache had demanded, in a letter opened at the post-house at Paimbœuf, three thousand five hundred livres of his correspondent for aiding and assisting the King in person to make his escape and joining his suite. The Assembly, though not quite unanimously, determined, that no notice could be taken of Monsieur Gamache; and that no information obtained by an illegal violation of private correspondence, could become the grounds of accusation against any individual.

The question concerning the fête to be given to Jean Jacques Rousseau is determined, and his ashes are to be transported to the new Ste. Genevieve, and to repose with Voltaire and Mirabeau; because the

remains of all great men are the property of the nation ; and although both Voltaire, Mirabeau, and Rousseau had requested on their death-beds to be buried according to their own direction, yet this is no reason why their country should not show them all the honours they deserve ; and no infringement of private property to take their bodies out of the hands of their friends and testators, in order to place them beneath the dome which their country has raised for the purpose of showing its gratitude to its first and greatest benefactors.

I am surprized that no one, in his boundless zeal for Jean Jacques, has never adopted his plan for writing music, in which the four lines are reduced to one. The temporary inconvenience the musicians must suffer from this innovation,

tion, must no doubt be very great, but what is that to the lovers of enterprize and of great men ?

Ever your's.

LET-

L E T T E R X L I.

August.

THE best place to illustrate the positions of Burke and Gibbon on the subject of gaming is at Paris, and particularly in the Palais Roïal, the epitome of Paris, or a great city in miniature. "Gaming," says the historian of the Roman empire, and the great Burke, "is a principle inherent in human nature, we all have it;" which is literally true in this place; they all have it, from the man who died the other day with a bet upon his tongue, to the man who cannot sleep for the bet in his head. The child of
gambling

gambling is duelling, who grows in proportion as the parent grows, and sits close behind him on the same horse, as the poet might have said,

Le Duel monte en croupe, et galoppe avec lui.

I met, the other day, with a striking instance of this ruling passion under the arcades. A man of a decent appearance was distributing tickets of admission, at thirty sous a day, at the door of a gambling-house, and addressing the passengers—"Walk in, walk in, Gentlemen, a
"very choice society."—Not being accustomed to this sort of invitation, I thought at first, that it was a collection of wild beasts that he proposed to show me, or the King and Queen, and Philip le Roux, in wax, or something as extraordinary. Upon inquiry, however, at the
next

next shop, whither I was going, I found it was a gaming-table to which I was invited, and that the man who now distributed the tickets of admission had been a great sufferer, and lost his all in this sink of perdition, which was the considerable sum of sixty thousand livres, or two thousand five hundred pounds. It seems that he was the son of a shop-keeper at Paimbœuf, who had left him the above sum at his death, which the heir had brought to Paris, and there left it behind him. I must say so much of him, that he appeared to me to be perfectly insensible of his loss, and not at all dissatisfied with his employment, which the proprietor of the gaming-table had given him on a principle of compassion. Instances of this kind must be not uncommon in a place where the rage of play prevails so universally, but the re-

signation and the philosophy of the example occur but rarely. In order to make the passion for play as convenient as possible, and as palatable as women and wine can render them, the apartments of the gaming clubs are spacious, the dinners are delicious, the suppers exquisite, and the women enchanting. In short, nothing is wanting to excite the passion and feed the delusion. The chances in favour of the dealer, at thirty-one, or *rouge et noir*, are considerable and exclusive; every time he turns thirty-one, he takes half the deposit of every stake. The rapidity with which the business is conducted is also another source of advantage, as the fortunate hazard returns the oftener. There is as much difference between a good dealer and a bad one, as between a Prussian soldier, who fires six times in a minute, and a French national guard,

guard, who stops to ram at every charge. But let us have done with this extravagant subject.

The Marquis de Paulmy's library, which belongs to the Comte d'Artois, consists of collections for the history of France, romances, and theatrical pieces of all countries. Sixty volumes have been published by the Marquis himself, under the title of *Melanges d'une grande Bibliotheque*. It is said, that should the Comte d'Artois ever return to Paris, he has a design of making it public. The library cost a hundred thousand crowns, or twelve thousand five hundred pounds, and is at this moment still at the arsenal.

Ever your's.

L E T T E R XLII.

I FEAR you will soon begin to cry out, Paris and the National Assembly tire after so much repetition, come home, or get farther off; I want something new. You certainly have reason to complain, and I promise to have done as soon as the King shall have accepted the Constitution, and the matters shall be so far arranged, as to be put in a train to advance of themselves, without the intervention of extraordinary powers. The King is very quiet with his family at the Thuilleries, and no new alarm has disturbed her Majesty at midnight. The day after his Majesty's

Majesty's return from Varennes, on looking into the garden, he saw four tents pitched in the front of his apartments on the terrace below, for the purpose of preventing the royal escape by the way of the window; upon which he called to the Lord in waiting, and asked him, *Qu'est ce que c'est que ces quatre machines, là bas?* The Lord in waiting answered with a smile, *Elles sont apparemment les tantes de votre Majesté qui sont revenues.* *Je croyois, dit le Roi, qu'il n'y avoit que deux.* Apropos to the King's aunts; they call them at Rome *Les Haquenées*. They say, the King of France has done more for the Pope than his brother of Naples; France has sent him two *Haquenées*, whereas Naples would hardly send him one. Madame le Brun, who is at Rome, is occupied in painting *Les Mesdames*, by

order, perhaps, of her Commander in Chief.

As it is not possible to get into the Thuilleries, and as the Palais Roïal, like other good things, fatigues without satiating, I now and then pay a visit to the Luxemburgh gardens, where France is as she was in the plenitude of the old system, in bag and sword, and hat of three corners. Here you are sure to meet the disappointed band, and the whole tribe of the counter-revolutionists: it is here only that they hold up their heads, and display their orders. Clergy, Nobility, Monks of all colours, and Friars of all sizes: every order knows its place, and falls naturally into the rank to which it belongs—the Clergy excommunicate in the Alley des Chartreux, the Nobles and the Military plan their battles in the alley
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of the Carmes, and figure to the last with their ribands of red and blue.

Besides these, you have the discontented regiment of foreigners and outlaws, who having done every possible mischief to their own country, by serving against it, by plotting and countermining it, retire to this place in search of a little chance society, which it is impossible for them to find in their own neighbourhood; for were they to look for it where they are known, the answer would be, as it always has been,

Quære peregrinum, vicinia rauca reclamationat.

It was upon Barnave's motion the other day, that the National Assembly decreed, that no change shall be made in the Constitution before the Third Legislature.

The National Assembly has the power of revising the Constitution, but it does not think proper to exercise it before that period arrives. The wits are perpetually firing at Barnave; they call him Janus, and represent him with two faces, black and white, you see him at the Wax-work in the Palais Roïal : but this is not all; they define him, and cut him up into the following parts :

Dissection d'un grand homme sur le bureau de Mons. Barnave :

<i>Eloquent,</i>	Un adverb.
<i>Precis,</i>	Une parenthese.
<i>Harmonieux,</i>	Une conjunction.
<i>Vaste,</i>	Comme un point.
<i>Droit,</i>	Une Virgule.
<i>Etonnant,</i>	Une note d'admiration,
<i>Clair,</i>	Une charade.
<i>Profond,</i>	Un puits.

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I do not exactly see the merit of the last comparison, as a well is proverbially deep ; it should have been *profond comme une surface*.

Ever your's.

LET-

L E T T E R XLIII.

August.

THE season still continues unclouded ; the fruits are very fine and full of flavour ; there is not a bad peach to be bought. The proverb too, that compares melons to friends, of which only one in fifty is good for any thing, loses its force this year, since the whole race is excellent. Not so in friendship, which is an exotic in all climates ; it blossoms, indeed, freely in most countries, but seldom ripens its fruit in any. The last thing a Frenchman does before he goes home to dinner, after his walk in the Palais Roïal, or the Thuilleries, is to
buy

buy a melon: you very often see a fine gentleman, with his hair nicely appointed, a Manchester cloth coat, a spotted waistcoat, and harlequin breeches, with his hat in his hand, and a melon under his arm. No elegant Parisian will wear a silk coat in the hottest day, though the fashionable cloth frock is much dearer. The Revolution has produced no simplicity of manners; for the most part, the French are still better polished than instructed.

The news of the day is, that every thing is settled for an invasion the first of October: what seems to give some little credit to this report, is the eagerness with which the horses are bought up at this moment; there has not been a horse advertised these three days. The English jobbers, they say, have monopolized the article,

article, and the whiskeys and the demi-fortunes are let down in the gutter. It is certain, that some great order for horses has been given from some quarter or other, which has drained the market; since the Revolution they have been very scarce, for two reasons; none are now imported from England, and none are bred in France. Three or four years hence horses, no doubt, will abound in this country, as the breeders will have no fear of the King's *haras* before their eyes, whither they were obliged to send any or every horse they might breed, that the King's grooms approved, at the price of thirty livres for a one-year old colt, notwithstanding they had paid for covering. This royal prerogative exists now no longer, and the breed of horses in France will, no doubt, soon feel the benefit

benefit of it. The French are accused, and but too justly, I believe, of riding very hard in the field, and on the road, and turning their horses into the stable without taking proper care of them. Many a fine beast was killed in this way when the King fled, not so much by hard riding as by hard usage. If any one brings horses into this country, he should bring his groom with him, or probably he may not carry them out again. You are fond of horses, or I should not have said so much on the subject.

The slowness of the proceedings, and want of energy, in the Committees, is a general cause of complaint. It is often mentioned in the Assembly, but hitherto without redress. The mode of admission to places in the civil and military departments

ments is, it seems, very difficult to decide upon, and the candidates for posts in either are obliged to wait three or four months at Paris, after every thing has been in a manner determined. The truth is, that till the Constitution has been accepted, nothing will be concluded. Paris is at this moment at the disposal of the several Committees of the National Assembly, and under their immediate dependence. The assessment of the several taxes is also a work of so much nicety, that it has been lately decreed, that they shall in many instances be received upon the old rates till farther orders. It has been decreed also, that the King may reject the Constitution, or accept it, as he pleases, but without any conditions whatsoever. This alternative is imperious, but wise beyond all doubt. The

Abbé Joubert, Bishop of Angouleme, upon this decree put a question to the House—In case of an abdication *de fait, ou de droit*, what was to become of the King? become of him, answers a Member from the opposite side, *Il seroit maitre d'ecole à Corinthe.*

Ever your's.

LET-

L E T T E R XLIV.

September.

I HAVE great news to send you ; the Constitution is finished, and presented to the King by sixty Members. His Majesty received them most graciously, and told them, he would examine the Constitution which they had laid before him, in the shortest time that a matter of such importance could possibly be considered ; and farther, that it was his intention not to quit Paris, and that he would give immediate orders to the Commander in Chief for the formation of his own body-guard. This is, as it were, the death-blow to Democrate, and Aristocrate, and the

the signal of re-union to all parties, under the King and the Constitution.

The Deputies returned from the King perfectly satisfied with their reception, and the populace cried incessantly, *Long live the King and the Constitution*. The gardens of the Thuilleries are now open, and the Royal Family shew themselves perpetually at the window. Madame de la Tourzelle, the Dauphin's Governess, is permitted to walk an hour in the day on the Terrace, or elsewhere in the gardens. The King received the Deputies in the Council-chamber standing; the Ministers were behind him; Mons. Montmorin wore his blue riband, which he has a right to do, because the abolition of the Order does not takes place till the acceptance and ratification. Mons. Thouret was the President of the deputation, and pre-

sented the Constitutional Act. The King read his answer, and gave it to the President. The President prognosticated the end of the Revolution from the completion of the Constitution.

Whilst the Constitution was printing, Monf. Camus made a very material discovery of a singular omission, which he immediately communicated to the Assembly : the Assembly had decreed, that the Constitution was totally and entirely finished and completed ; this decree was suppressed, which was the seal of the letter, for without this it might be opened and altered at pleasure by the succeeding Legislature. The Assembly immediately ordered the following paragraph to be added to the Constitution after the signature of the President and Secretaries ; and
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the signature of the President, &c. to be repeated at the end, as thus :

L'Assemblée Nationale ayant entendu la lecture de l'Acte Constitutionnel ci dessus, et après l'avoir approuvé, declare que la Constitution est terminée, et-qu'elle ne peut y rien changer.

Il sera nommé à l'instant, une Deputation de soixante Membres, pour offrir dans le jour, l'Acte Constitutionnel au Roi.

Signé

VERNIER, President.

Pougéard Couppé, Mailly Chateaurenaud, Chaillon Aubry, Evêques du Departement de la Meuse, Darche, Secretaires.

So much for the famous Constitution, which is now in the head of Jupiter, and will come out, it is to be presumed, shortly, armed at all points, a second Minerva. We will leave it for the present where it is, and try to find some other epistolary matter; I must add, however, that the acceptance is considered as a matter of course, and although the Republicans dread the thing, they by no means doubt it. The general remark is, that the kingdom of France is certainly worth *un coup de plume*. The interim is, nevertheless, dreadful to some, and unpleasant to all. The Jacobins lose no time in putting the people in mind of the plan concerted and intended to be put into execution, in case the King had reached the frontiers. On the return of his Majesty triumphant, after he should have

have subdued his rebellious subjects, and re-established the Government which his brothers and his Ministers should have dictated to him, a general amnesty was to be published, with an exception of sixty-four persons. The design of this suggestion is evident, but, probably, it will not have the desired effect, as it is already said, that on Monday next the King will finally accept and sign it,

An article in the English newspapers, copied into the French, says, that the Royal Escape, in which James the Second took his flight, when he abdicated and abandoned his three kingdoms for a mass, is now taking to pieces at Deptford; upon which the French Democrats insist, that the precedent is a good one, and the carriage in which Louis Seize

ran away to Varennes, should be treated in the same manner, that no monument may exist of any vehicle that had been prostituted to so cowardly a purpose.

Ever your's,

LET.

LETTER XLV.

Sept.

THE badness of the bread at Paris makes every body, who knows how sore the people are on this article, apprehensive for the peace of the inhabitants. Monsieur Bailli being threatened the other day with the lamp-post, was under the necessity of making his way from the corn-market back to the town-hall with some precipitation; since that the sacks have been visited in the magazines, and one in twelve has been found unfit for use. The Parisians, that is, the lower class, live as it were by bread alone, from whence it may be easily conceived how necessary it

is that it should be good and palatable, not nasty and disgusting, as it has been, and now really is. It was this that first *lit* the flame of murmur and discontent three years ago, and will not fail to do it again, if the spirit of monopoly is not checked, and the iniquity of the corn-factors entirely repressed. The mustiness of the corn is owing to this cause solely : the dealers who buy up great quantities and profit by the artificial famine which they create, are not always careful to keep their store-houses well visited and examined from time to time ; and when the corn is not turned, or is crowded into too narrow a compass, it must spoil : add to this, that the factors are afraid of a discovery which might lead them to the lantern. I make no doubt but that the bad corn which is mixt with the good, is as old as the last famine. One reason for the scarcity

city

city of corn at this season is a natural one, it is the seed-time ; another is, that the new corn is not yet brought to market, since from the want of wind and water, neither the water-mills nor the wind-mills can work.

It is a fact well known, that the English stage is a great copier of the French, and that we have few entire comedies that owe nothing of their plot or their language to French pieces. I saw lately at the French theatre a play called *La Fausse Agnès*, of which Foote's Maria in the Citizen is a servile copy. *La Fausse Agnès* affects idiotcy in order to disgust a lover, who is not of her own choosing. Foote came to Paris every year in order to catch the manners living as they came into birth, and shoot folly on the wing, that he might exhibit her in the Hay-market
new

new stuffed and in her own feathers, while the goss was yet upon them. Voltaire says, that the English are the most credulous people in the world; they will go to the play to see a man put himself into a quart bottle. This is undoubtedly very true, and he might have added in such numbers, that a great man lost his sword in the crowd. The French, too, are exceedingly curious, and I make no doubt, that were you to advertise the same thing at this instant, they would all go till the house could hold no more.

The Abbé M—— is at this moment the scape-goat of the party, no one will listen to him, and after repeated trials, it is but very lately that he has been able to make himself heard from the tribune. At length he has spoken for two hours as the Pope's advocate, but to no purpose.

The

The Assembly have determined that Avignon belongs to France, and shall be no longer the property of his holiness, upon this ground only, that the inhabitants, that is, the French party, have offered the country to the National Assembly, and the Assembly have desired the King to name commissioners to treat for the exchange. The Abbé Maury is called the man of eight hundred farms. I understand his priory of Lions is divided into a number of farms for the convenience of the renters, and is worth forty-two thousand livres a year, and is now reduced to six, that is, the Abbé receives six thousand from the nation. This living was resigned to him by l'Abbé Boyssmont, when he was at the last gasp, in order probably to make some provision for a mistress and a valet de chambre, who were to be saddled on the new incumbent ; a thing, they

they say, not more uncommon in this country than elsewhere. L'Abbé N—— and Monsieur P——, a physician of great practice in this town, are two twin sons of adventure, they both arrived together at Paris *le baton à la main*, and both made fortunes in the capital by their talents and their perseverance.

Ever your's,

LET.

L E T T E R XLVI.

Sept.

THE Assembly has abolished the place of commander in chief, and ordered that the duty shall be done by the captain of each of the sixty divisions in their turn.

The King went yesterday to the National Assembly to accept the Constitution and to sign it. The Assembly received him on their legs till he was seated, but as soon as he got up to read his acceptance of the Constitution, they sat down. When his Majesty had finished, he looked round and saw every body seated but Monsieur Malouet, upon which the King took his

seat as one of the House. This mark of condescension lost nothing of its effect on the Assembly, who were loud and incessant in their applause. Monsieur Malouet was of another opinion, but could make no proselytes. The President then rose, and bowing to the King, sat down again and read his speech. The King's letter, which had been sent to the National Assembly the day before, is much liked, and is said to be very well written. The weak part of it is the excuse his Majesty attempts to make for not facing the storm, and leaving Paris, because the laws were weak, and the licentiousness of opinion was strong; had you, says he, presented me the Constitution at that time, I should most certainly have rejected it. After paying the Assembly many compliments on the happy progress they had made since that period in order and discipline; he

he adds farther, that truth and sincerity require, he should tell them, how much energy was still wanting in the administration of the kingdom and the execution of every law which could give firmness and unity to the several parts of the vast empire of France; and since the opinions were so much divided on the means proper for the acquisition of order, justice, and universal harmony, he was apprehensive, that nothing short of experience could decide finally upon the subject, and adjust the merits of the several modes proposed for the attainment of the end. His Majesty concludes by recommending a general reconciliation and universal amnesty, that every one, who, by an attachment to his sovereign, shall have incurred the displeasure of the nation, may be at liberty to return to his country unquestioned and unmolested; and that those who have
levelled

levelled the excess of their resentment particularly against him, and on that account have become obnoxious to the laws, may experience a pardon, and find that he is equally the King of all who bear the name of Frenchmen. In this letter he accepts the Constitution, and pledges himself to maintain it, and contribute to its execution with the whole of his power. In a postscript his Majesty observes, that he thought it his duty to ratify this engagement, and to uphold the Constitution in the very place which had given it birth, for which reason he proposed to meet the Assembly of the nation the next day at noon.

The reading of the letter was frequently interrupted by repeated applause from the left side of the President, and some members on the right seemed to forget
for

for a moment their antipathy to the Constitution, by joining in the general satisfaction; but all the rest of the right side knit their brows with evident marks of disapprobation, and looked at one another with confusion and despair. The joy within was soon communicated to the eager expectations of the crowd without, and the friends of the Constitution testified their satisfaction by shouts of applause upon the spot, and by universal illuminations at night. The King went, as I have told you, the next day in state to the Assembly, and the President, as soon as his Majesty had signed, told his Majesty, that through the suppression of abuses, the empire had been re-established upon the most solid basis by the National Assembly; that the nation at large had ratified what the Assembly decreed; that the very men who were blinded by sub-

sisting prejudice, and past prerogative, became the unwilling testimonies of the truth that he advanced. The attachment of the people, Sire, is the safe-guard of royalty—but the chief support of the fairest crown in the universe is the necessity of an **HEREDITARY MONARCHY** for the Government of a great nation.

The tone and strength of this language appeared to give the same satisfaction to the House, that the letter of the King had done the day before.

Ever your's.

LET-

L E T T E R XLVII.

THE discontented at this present moment are those who call themselves the friends of the King, and whom the people call Aristocrates. The conduct of his Majesty they think too humiliating in the first instance, and in the next place, they cannot but consider it as an eternal bar to the golden vision of a happy restoration, under absolute power, unchecked, and uncontrouled; in short, say they, we are betrayed. The King has listened to the Queen, she has made peace at our expence. The Government nevertheless, notwithstanding all murmur and all opposition,

is well planned, and wants nothing but a speedy execution. The people on the other side are for the union of the monarchical with the democratical, and are ready enough to say so on all occasions. They shewed their temper pretty clearly the other night at the Italian theatre, where the *Deserteur* was played, when one louder than the rest was singled out by the boxes for crying, *Vive le Roi*. The Aristocrates wished to turn him out, and voted him a nuisance; but the pit said, if you desire to have him turned out, you must come down and do it yourselves, for we reprove no one for applauding the King.

On the subject of theatrical exhibitions one might easily be eloquent, would the matter always support the writer or the speaker. New pieces are continually brought

brought forward, which, for the most part, are not longer lived than the Ephemerides, that but for twenty-four hours, and die a natural death. The Imprudent Wife is a new comedy, which has been played several times, and has, I believe, the merit of circumstantial and local truth, since the story, they say, is the author's own case, who has been divorced from his wife. He has been more fortunate in his play than in real life, as he has not been able to re-unite himself with his lady, though he has brought hero and heroine together again at the end of the fifth act, and much too in the manner of Lord and Lady Townly. The most remarkable Revolution has taken place that can be conceived, within these few last days, on the national stage, or theatre of the nation. Since the King accepted the Con-

stitution, the same people that commanded Brutus, *ou la liberté conquise*, have ordered Gaston and Bayard ; every one who recollects the applause with which the following verse was received,

“ Si dans le sein de Rome, il se trouvoit un traître,”

must be the more astonished to find the same audience hear with composure and even acclamation, the Filmerian and patriarchal dictates of Gaston and Bayard, as for example :

“ Dieu dit a tout sujet grand il lui donna l'être,

“ Sers pour me bien servir ta patrie, et ton maitre,

“ Sur la terre à ton Roi j'ai remis tout pouvoir,

“ Vivre et mourir pour lui c'est ton dernier devoir.”

What say you to these incontestable marks of sudden revolution in sentiment ;

are you not convinced that the French love a King, and are fond of putting their trust in him ? It is fortunate, however, that they have bound him with chains, which he cannot easily break ; they have paired the nails, and drawn the teeth of the lion, and made him perfectly harmless ; and yet, for all this, though the direct avenues to expence are blocked up, though the extravagance of power is clogged with checks and restraints, yet it will require great vigilance and perpetual attention in the virtuous Members of the National Assembly, to counteract all the base obliquities of corruption. And it ought to be remembered, that to repress the excesses of a court which is ever tending to extravagance, is the only sure way to prevent the horrors of a reign being acted over again, which have so lately reduced the

garden of the world, and its amiable inhabitants, to a howling desert and inhuman savages.

Ever your's.

LET-

L E T T E R XLVIII.

Sept. 26.

AN universal fête was ordered to celebrate the happy restoration of royal liberty, and the completion of the Constitution on Sunday last, and repeated again with still greater éclat yesterday. A French ode was composed, set to music, and executed by the royal band on the altar of the nation in the Champ de Mars. At night the transparencies and illuminations were exhibited in the most magnificent manner all over Paris, and particularly in the Thuilleries and the Elysian fields. The King, and Queen, and Dauphin, made their progress through the people from

from nine till eleven, with Monsieur de la Fayette and the royal guards, and were most graciously received in all parts. The coup d'œil from the center of the Thuilleries to the Barrière, and from the Grille de Chaillot to the bridges, was the most magnificent thing possible. The expence of lighting the Thuilleries and the Elysian fields was defrayed by his Majesty and charged to the civil list at the King's express desire. The joy seemed most general, and no act of mistrust or want of perfect confidence appeared, but in one laughable instance, where a cobbler had illuminated his stall with two candles, and a transparency, on which was the following device :

“ Vive le Roi,

“ S'il est de bonne foi.”

At

At fix o'clock on the eighteenth, Monsieur Saint Croix ascended, with a pleasant breeze, from the Elysian fields in a cock boat, or a little bark in the shape of a cock attached to a balloon, and descended at nine, or, perhaps, somewhat later, at Garfius de Brie, fifteen leagues from Paris.

The King and Queen went the next day to the opera on the Boulevards, and were welcomed with perpetual acclamations. The interval of silence during the performance were awful and majestic. In the ballet, the torches of the demons in Castor and Pollux illuminated the King's box, and brought forward the royal figures, as it were, from the picture ; at that moment there was a burst of applause for some minutes.

The King and Royal Family were yesterday at the national theatre to see the *Governante*, which was ordered on account of Madame Elizabeth. The curiosity in all this, I find, is to see the King, which makes nothing too dear for a place. His Majesty never was at the play before during his reign, but incognito, and in a *a loge grillée*. It is supposed that he will visit the other theatres in their turn, at least the principal ones. Between the acts, the famous quatuor in *Lucile* was played: “ *Où peut on être mieux,*” *le Chœur d’Iphigénie*, “ *Que d’attraits, que de Majesté! l’ouverture des deux pages. Chantons un Roi qu’on aime, qu’on aime pour lui-même. Le Chœur d’Iphigénie. Chantons, célébrons notre reine.*”

The King’s name begins now to be restored to the signs, hotels, and academies,
where

where he presided, and Paris seems a new creature. The influx of foreigners is at this instant beyond all credibility ; there never were so many strangers of all nations in this capital as at this present time. The National Assembly are fluttering on the wing, and ready to take their flight on Saturday next, the first of October. When they want to get rid of a question, they put it off to the first of October, which is *ad Græcas Calendas, sine die*. The new Members are for the most part arrived and ready to take their seats.

Ever your's.

LET-

L E T T E R XLIX.

September.

MONSIEUR Malouet has demanded an account of the National Assembly of all monies that have been expended since its establishment. I should have told you, that Mons. Montesquieu has read a Memoir, in three parts, on the past and present state of the finances, of which I will give you some details in another letter. The Assembly say, in reply to Mons. Malouet and the Abbé Mauri, that it is true the orders were issued from them, for the several sums of the public money, but that the cash has
not

not passed through their hands, and, as an administrative corps, they are not accountable. Monsieur Malouet, still insisting on the details of every part of the payments, and the receipts, and vouchers, was referred to an enormous pile of papers, which, on account of the extraordinary expence of the impression, could not be made public, but might be examined in the Committee of Finance. Monf. Montesquieu had already consulted these papers, and had found that the account which he had printed tallied with the accounts on the table. Monf. Malouet accused the Committee, the Minister, and the Academy of Sciences, of gross ignorance in all these matters; upon which Monf. Charles Lameth remarked, *Que si le comité, la commission, le ministre, et l'Academie des Sciences sont des ignorans, il n'y a que le Pere-eternel qui pût nous éclairer.*

éclairer. Passons à l'ordre du jour. Mont. Malouet said a few words, that he did not wish to excite any tumult; that if the Assembly allowed the state of the finances published by Mons. Montesquieu to be true, that was the account which must be delivered down to their successors. Thus this business fell to the ground, in spite of the incendiary advertisements, and anonymous menaces, that denounced vengeance on all citizens and national guards, that did not aid and assist in detaining the Assembly at Paris, till they had given in their accounts. The question, however, was not got rid of before the President Thouret had called the whole *côté droit* ‘*des inflames* ;’ and not before the Abbé Mauri had been driven from the tribune; and, in spite of the most Stentorian exertions for the space of two hours, had been reduced to silence by

by official authority. The inflammatory papers were signed by one man only, and he was an Aristocrate.

The Assembly has changed its opinion and decree concerning the body of Rousseau, and now think, that the attachment of Mons. Girardin to his illustrious friend ought to be so far respected as to leave him in possession of his ashes. A monument is to be erected in the new Pantheon to the memory of the author of the Social Contract. The Archbishop of Paris informed the Assembly, that he solicited the attendance of the Deputies at the cathedral of Notre Dame to hear the *Te Deum*, or thanksgiving for the completion of the Constitution : his Grace flattered the Assembly on its piety, *L'Assemblée (dit-il) ayant donné tant de preuves éclatantes de sa profonde piété.* I think the

Assembly must have smiled, for profound piety in a country,

Où nul mortel veut être devot,

must be a non-existing entity. The religion of France has ever been at the drum-head ; the pious fraud of the cloister, and monastic endowment, served but for an exemption from patriotic contribution, and to the prejudice of national revenue : but as soon as it was clearly perceived that the body politic was ruined and undone, whilst the body ecclesiastic rolled in abundance, it was immediately determined, without a dissentient voice, that a religious profession was no title to exclusive affluence, on any score of pretended piety, or affected godliness. This is no new case ; Cicero tells us, that the Roman tax-gatherers would not suffer
any

any lands to be tax-free, because they belonged to the immortal Gods ; they said, there was no such thing as immortal Gods, who had been mortal men ;—*Nostri quidem publicani, cum essent agri in Bæotia deorum immortalium excepti lege censoria, negabant immortales esse ullos, qui aliquando homines fuissent.* The misfortune, however, is, that the true religion is involved in the disgrace of the false one, and no pains are taken to distinguish the one from the other.

Ever your's.

U 2

LET.

LETTER L.

October 1.

I NOW take my leave, having led you, and, I hope, like Montaigne, *par des pays plus agreables que je n'ai promis*, from the King's evasion, and disastrous flight, to his happy return, and peaceful restoration.

I have brought you also to the conclusion of the first Legislature, which took place yesterday, when the King went to the House *pour la cloture de l'Assemblée*. This day the new Parliament meet, and take their seats.

In

In order to enable you to judge of the finances of the country, I have added some observations on the state of its debt, and the provision there is to pay it. In addition to the eighteen hundred millions of assignats already issued, one hundred millions more have been decreed. It is said, that the second Legislature intend to lay some additional burdens on the Civil List.

The Sallon, or exhibition of the works of the French artists, has been open these three weeks; it has been determined lately, that no exclusions should operate to the prejudice of any one, and that all, from the highest to the lowest, Academician or not, were at liberty to hang up their pictures in the Louvre. The consequence of this permission is a superabundant influx of very moderate and

most wretched performances; but the new sons of liberty see nothing wrong in this, and cry, *Tant mieux; on n'a pas donc à redouter la monotonie de la perfection.*

The good pictures are by David, Madame le Brun, Boze, and Hue, a painter of landscape, and another whose name is Claffic, Monf. le Sueur. I like the French sculpture much better than their painting.

I should not omit a picture of Susanna and the Elders by Monf. Fabre, which has considerable merit, especially in the female figure, a copy, if I mistake not, of Guido's St. Sebastian in the Capitol at Rome. Monf. Fabre's picture is No. 305.

No. 375 is an incomparable view of the Fish-market at Rome, by Monf. Robert,

bert, an Academician, who lives in the house of Moliere at Auteil, a village near Passy ; Boileau's residence was also in this neighbourhood.

Before I close my correspondence, I must so far fulfil my promise, as to say a word on the only reliet of antiquity now existing at Paris ; the Palais de Thermes, or the Palais Julien. The inside and outside of the walls are composed of a certain number of rows of square stones, and then four rows of flat Roman bricks, which resemble the bricks employed in the Tower, called Julius Cæsar's, at Dover, and the manner of construction in both buildings seemed to me nearly the same. The Palais de Thermes was built, it has been said, after Severus's time, and therefore might be what

it is called, a part of the Emperor Julian's palace.

The news of the day is, that a Milord Anglois has lost one hundred and thirty thousand livres at billiards at the Polonese club; they played the whole night, and before twelve o'clock Milord had won seventeen thousand livres; but a sad reverse took place in the morning,

Ever your's.

OBSER-

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE FINANCES.

ONZE cents millions ont été employés,
soit aux remboursemens de 1789, 90 &
91, soit à venir au secours du trésor pub-
lic.

Deux milliards trois cent millions sont
nécessaires pour l'acquittement de la dette
exigible.

	<i>Liv.</i>
Total	3,400,000,000

Voici

Voici les ressources de la nation pour
faire face à cette somme.

Domaines nationaux.

1°. Les biens vendus sur *Liv.*

414 districts ont monté à 735,034,753

Il faut ajouter, pour 104

districts, sur les 130 qui
n'ont pas donné d'états,

le quart de cette somme 183,758,688

Pour les 26 districts restans,

le quart de cette dernière

somme — 45,939,672

Total des biens vendus 964,733,113

2°. Les biens à vendre sur

414 districts sont évalués

à — 647,614,298

650,000,000. Pour

Pour 104 districts sur les
130 qui n'ont pas fourni
d'états, le quart de cette *Liv.*
somme — 161,903,574

Pour les 26 districts restans,
le quart de cette dernière
somme — 40,475,893

Il s'agit à présent d'évaluer
ce que produiront à la
vente, des biens estimés
849,993,765 liv.

On ne peut encore se régler
que par l'expérience que
nous avons. Jusqu'ici
les biens vendus ont dé-
passé l'estimation de plus
de deux tiers ; ne met-
tons que les 3/5^e. & nous
aurons — 509,996,259

Total des biens à vendre 1,359,990,024

3°. Les

3°. Les biens dont la vente
est suspendue, sont esti- *Liv.*
més — 167,875,734

Pour 104 districts sur les
130 qui n'ont pas fourni
d'états, le quart de cette
somme — 41,968,433

Pour les 26 districts restans,
le quart de cette dernière
somme 10,492,108

220,336,275

On ne portera la plus va-
lue de cette partie qu'au
quart, au lieu des 3 cin-
quièmes — 55,033,569

Total des biens dont la ven-
te est suspendue 275,369,844

Les

Les bois.

Le compte de 414 districts	<i>Liv.</i>
les porte à	299,007,359
Pour 104 districts sur les 130 qui n'ont pas fourni d'états, le quart de cette somme —	74,751,839
Pour les 26 restans, le quart de cette dernière somme	18,687,959
Total des bois	<hr/> 392,447,158

Il est connu que cette estimation ne monte pas à la moitié de la valeur des bois. Nous n'entrons dans aucuns details à ce sujet, parce que nous ne comprenons pas le bois dans notre évaluation.

Objets non compris dans les états.

Les anciens domaines de la	<i>Liv.</i>
couronne —	200,000,000

Le rachat des mouvances féodales tant du domaine de la couronne, que de celui du clergé, & les rentes dues au domaine	300,000,000
	<hr/>
	500,000,000

La créance américaine, celle du duc de Deux-Ponts, & les reprises du trésor public sur les comptables	100,000,000
	<hr/>
	600,000,000

Enfin sur les forêts, il se-
roit possible sans altérer
l'importance de la réserve
nationale de tous les corps
de forêts, de distraire les
taillis épars de trois &

quatre

quatre cents arpens ; il
s'en trouveroit pour plus

Liv.

de — 300,000,000

Total général, 3,500,000,000

Nous avons eu un double but en présentant ces états. Le premier, de faire connoître aux amis & aux ennemis de la France l'étendue de ses moyens. Le second, d'apprendre aux représentans de la nation qu'il n'y a pas un moment à perdre pour la perception des contributions ; que les recettes & les dépenses doivent être mises au niveau, puisque la caisse de l'extraordinaire ne pourroit plus fournir au trésor public sans détruire le gage des créanciers de l'état.

OBSERVATIONS.

NOUS avons donné hier l'état des dépenses que les assignats étoient destinés à couvrir, et le tableau de la valeur des biens qui font le gage des assignats, & nous avons démontré qu'ils se balançoient réciproquement. Aujourd'hui, nous présentons le tableau des recettes & des dépenses, à deux époques différentes.

La première, depuis le premier Mai 1789 jusqu'au premier Janvier 1791.

La seconde comprend le semestre de cette année.

Pre-

Première époque.

Pour fournir à tous les paiemens faits
au trésor public, relatif au service anté-
rieur au 1^{er}. Janvier 1791, il a été reçu

Liv.

1,437,001,153

& dépensé

1,400,331,233

Qu'ainfi il devoit rester en

caiffe

—

36,669,920

Ce reste en caiffe est effecti-
vement le premier article
du compte des recettes de
1791

La dépense est composée de
trois articles,

1°. Les dépenses ordinaires:

elles montent à

883,345,226

2°. Les dépenses extraordi-

naires : elles montent à

105,278,143

X

3°. Les

3°. Les remboursemens faits directement au trésor pub- lic : ils montent à	<i>Liv.</i> 411,707,864
Total comme ci-deffus	<u>1,400,331,233</u>

La recette est composée de
quatre articles,

- 1°. Les recettes ordinaires :
elles montent à 663,563,372
- 2°. Les recettes provenant
d'emprunts, dons patrio-
tiques : elles montent à 60,920,362
- 3°. Les recettes des billets
de caisse en 1789 & 1790,
& d'assignats en Octobre,
Novembre & Décembre
1790 : elles montent à 524,095,000
- 4°. Les recettes en assignats,
payés dans le premier se-
mestre 1791, pour ac-
quitter le reste des dé-

penfes de 1790 : elles	<i>Liv.</i>
montent à	188,422,419

Total comme ci-deffus 1,437,001,153

Or, 1^o. les dépenses ordinaires ont été inférieures de 2,500,000l. à celles d'un tems égal antérieur à l'Assemblée nationale.

2^o. Les dépenses extraordinaires font prefque toutes une fuite des ordres donnés par l'ancienne adminiftration. Ce font les travaux des ports, les achats des grains, les ateliers de charité ; il n'y a de relatif à ces derniers tems que les achats de numéraire, les frais de l'Assemblée nationale, qui ne font placés que depuis le 1^{er}. Janvier de cette année au rang des dépenses ordinaires, & les avances

qu'il a fallu faire pour accélérer le paiement du culte de 1790.

3°. Les remboursemens auroient été faits à la caisse de l'extraordinaire, si cette caisse eût existé plutôt. Ils l'ont été au trésor public, & ils ont dû l'être ainsi. La dette qu'ils ont acquittée étoit bien réellement dette de l'état. Elle seroit encore due si elle n'avoit pas été payée. Cet article est donc à l'abri de toute critique.

Deuxième époque.

Les dépenses ordinaires doivent monter, suivant le décret, à 291,350,000
Jusqu'ici elles leur sont inférieures.

Les

Les secondes montent à	<i>Liv.</i> 27,262,185
En supplément de folde pour l'augmentation de l' armée.	— 596,914
Total	<u>319,209,099</u>

Les recettes de cette année
consistent,

1°. En recettes ordinaires	146,287,453
2°. En assignats pour sup- pléer au vuide des re- cettes	— 145,062,547
3°. En assignats pour payer les dépenses extraordi- naires	— 27,262,185

Et <i>idem</i> pour le supplément de folde de l'augmenta- tion de l'armée	596,914
Total, somme pareille	<u>319,209,099</u>

La réunion des recettes &
des dépenses de 1789,
1790 & six premiers mois
1791, donne

Liv.

En recettes	—	1,756,210,252
En dépenses	—	1,719,540,332
En caisse,	—	<u>36,669,920</u>

PARI-

PARISIANA.

French Revolution.

THE French Revolution may be justly considered as the most extraordinary event of the eighteenth century. General Paoli says, in a letter to his friend at Paris, “A Revolution so sudden, and so universal, Homer, with the aid of all his gods, could never have hoped to have brought about.”

Character of the French.

Montesquieu, in describing his countrymen, says, they have *une humeur sociale,*

ciale, une ouverture de cœur, une joie dans la vie, un gout, une facilité à communiquer ses pensées, vive agreeable, enjouée, quelquefois imprudente, souvent indiscrete ; du courage, de la generosité, la franchise, un certain point d'honneur ; il ne faudroit pas gener ses manieres par des loix, pour ne point gener ses virtus. What a pity it is, poor human nature ! that repeated acts of the most cruel outrage, and the most savage barbarity, should ever be laid to the charge of so amiable and so accomplished a people !

Enemies.

The four enemies of the new infant State of France are, *La Metaphysique, La Vanité, L'Ambition, La Vengeance.* Metaphysics make a country romantic, and its government Utopian ; Vanity a public

public spectacle ; Ambition a field of battle ; and Vengeance a desert.

Finances.

At the close of the first National Assembly, Mons. Montesquieu informed the House, that the receipts had been, from the first of May 1789, to the first of May 1791, thirteen hundred and fourteen millions, and the expences twelve hundred and seventy-eight millions, of which three hundred millions were expended in putting the frontiers in a state of defence. Thirteen hundred and fourteen millions, he added, were ten millions less in two years than under the old establishment.

Dona-

Donations.

Donations of pious persons to the Church are in this manner :

“ I give to God and St. Martin my
“ lands and hereditaments,”—but never
is it said, to the Clergy or any of its
members. Now, as the saints are no
more, and God is out of the question,
the legacy must lapse, and the nation, as
universal residuary legatee, takes out let-
ters of administration to the whole of
the real and personal estate of the de-
ceased.

Diétionnaire de l'Academie.

*Le Diétionnaire de l'Academie est le
grand regulateur de la pensée Françoisé :*

il n'a marqué qu'un pareil livre à la tour de Babel.

Buffon.

Monf. Buffon is fo poetical in his profe, that when Voltaire was asked his opinion of the ftyle of Buffon's Natural Hiftory, his anfwer was, “ Not fo natural.”

Montefquieu.

There was no majesty, fays Montefquieu, in the laws of the lower empire, becaufe they were made by lawyers and rhetoricians.

Car tout rheteur en difant ce qu'il faut,
Ne croit jamais s'élever affez haut ;
C'est en difant ce qu'il ne faut pas dire,
Qu'il s'éblouit, fe delecte, et s'admire.

Petites

Petites Propriétés.

France depends so much on its success in agriculture, that it becomes daily more and more expedient for her to multiply small farms, and destroy the right of primogeniture.

Panegyric.

Panegyrists, biographers, and literary portrait-painters, have all their particular defects: the emphatical tone of the panegyrist, the dryness of the biographer, and the rage for antithesis in the portrait-painters, are equally tiresome and disgusting.

Church.

The church is the enormous and glutinous branch of the political tree, which has drawn to itself all the sap, and dried up and impoverished the trunk which gave it birth.

Arguments for the Abolition of the Church Lands.

The public utility is the only supreme law which ought to be universally recognized. Too much respect ought not to be shewn to the intentions of superstitious founders. Ignorant individuals confined in their views of futurity, and narrowed in their understandings as to the past and the present, should not be permitted

mitted to bind by the caprice of their wills nations unborn, and generations not yet in existence. If foundations, multiplied by vanity, were suffered to remain for ever, they would absorb all property; we ought, therefore, to be enabled to destroy them; for if every man had a monument, no place would be left for the ploughshare or the reaping-hook, and in order to make provision for the living, you would be obliged to remove the tombs of the dead.

These arguments are good against all monastic institutions, but by no means apply to the defence or excuse of the invasion of church property, in which, though every man had his mound, there would be still sufficient room to plow and to sow, without disturbing the ashes of the deceased.

Lands of the Clergy

Belong, neither to the clergy nor to the nation. To whom then do they belong? Why to nobody! By an axiom in law, *Res universitatis sunt res nullius*, what belongs to every body belongs to nobody, and yet it was decided by '568 against 346, that the lands of the clergy were national lands, and at the disposition of the nation. Forty members gave no vote on the question.

Gaming.

Gaming at present in Paris is the hinge on which all society turns. There is none without it.

Dinner-hour.

An author, in the year 1779, wrote twenty pages in the French Mercury, to prove the expediency of putting off the the dinner-hour.

J. J. Rousseau.

The Baronefs de Stael, daughter of Mr. Necker, has given us a portrait of Rousseau, which is full of contradictions: *Il*
“ avoit beaucoup de douceur dans l’ame, et
“ d’acreté dans l’humeur ; beaucoup d’aban-
“ don et defiance ; de grandeur, et de peti-
“ tesse : ses actions étoient quelquefois basses,
“ mais ses sentimens toujours divins.”

Iron Cages.

Guillaume Farancourt was the inventor of cages of iron ; he was Bishop of Verdun, and, like Perillus, was the first who was shut up, during fourteen years, in his own work, at the castle of Angers.

J. J. Rousseau.

Bossuet possessed more fire than Rousseau.

Fenelon more sweetness.

Montesquieu more political knowledge.

Buffon more sagacity.

Voltaire more grace, more ease, more taste.

Y

But

But for the charm of expression of the obvious, the simple, and the natural, no one ever yet surpassed him.

Fable.

The most perfect fable of antiquity is Horace's Country Mouse, and City Mouse; De La Fontaine in his imitation has fallen infinitely short of his original.

Revolution.

The troubles of Paris in the year 1356, after the battle of Poitiers, have some resemblance to the disturbances occasioned by the present Revolution in France.

After the battle of Poitiers between the armies of the Prince of Wales and the French

French King, in which King John was taken prisoner and led captive to Bourdeaux; the Dauphin, Prince Charles, who had not yet attained his twentieth year, summoned the States General to meet him at Paris. The youth and inexperience of the Dauphin, and the cowardice of the nobility at the battle of Poitiers, prompted Robert le Coqs, Bishop of Laon, and Stephen Marcel, Mayor of Paris, (to whom Mirabeau alluded in his compliment to Bailly, ‘*Tu Marcellus eris*’) to seize on the Government and its Council, and to make themselves masters of the Dauphin. As soon as the truce was signed at Bourdeaux, John ordered his son to rescind all the acts of the convocation: but it was impossible to obey the mandate, on account of the great ascendant which Robert le Coqs and the Mayor of Paris had gained in all pub-

lic affairs; and by the accession of John, the Lord of Picquigni, had created a most formidable triumvirate.

John of Navarre, who had been imprisoned by the French King, was by their authority set at liberty, and brought from his dungeon in triumph to Paris. Charles was under the disagreeable necessity of receiving him with open arms, and the most perfect reconciliation. But this show of friendship could not secure the Dauphin from the suspicions of the King of Navarre, who pretended that the troops of the Dauphin were levied against him; and made this pretext an occasion of taking up arms.

The cap or chaperon, red and blue, was the signal, and Marcel was the first to adopt it, in which he was soon followed
by

by all the citizens of Paris. It was to no purpose that Charles endeavoured to gain the hearts of the people : all those who were attached to the Dauphin, became immediately suspected by the triumvirate ; and the Lord of Conflans, the Marechal of Champagne, the Lord of Clermont, and the Marechal of Normandy, were assassinated in the Dauphin's presence by the orders of the Mayor, who guided the hands of the murderers, and had the insolence to assure the Dauphin that he had nothing to fear for his own life. The Prince, less indignant at the insult offered him, than affected with the bloody spectacle of the murder of his friends, accepted the cap of Marcel, as a protection against the mob, whilst the Mayor bore off in triumph the hat of the Prince, as a spoil, which attested his victory,—*V. l'Acad. des Inscriptions, v. 16.*

Le Duc de Richelieu

Had the secret of curing his soldiers of their drunkenness, whilst he lay before a town which he was besieging, by prohibiting those who persisted in getting drunk, from the honour of scaling the walls on an assault.

La Noblesse.

Nobility ought to be personal and not hereditary, in all catholic countries: the church of Rome teaches its votaries to give the dead credit for the virtues of the living, but the nobility invert this order, and apply the merits of the dead to the living.

The Pension-list.

La legende dorée.

Kings of France.

Lewis the Twelfth was honest and just,
but weak and ignorant.

Francis the First was *miles gloriosus*,
a boaster, cruel, and an aimer at wit.

Henry the Fourth was brave and mag-
nanimous, but too much addicted to wo-
men ever to become a philosopher.

Lewis the Fourteenth was at once the
greatest and the least of the Kings of
France. The slave of pride and vain-

glory, and the victim of flattery : drunk with the infatuation of power, he was served, feared, and obeyed like an idol ; hated, mortified, and abandoned ; he lived like a Sultan, and died like a woman.

The French Academy.

Richelieu founded the French Academy in order to divert his countrymen from politics to objects more inoffensive and less important. He was deceived, however, in his calculations, since from this school of unimportant pursuits, philosophers have come forth who have enlightened mankind on the most serious of all subjects, the Government of their country. Neither Rousseau, however, nor Raynal, nor Mably, were members of the Royal Academy. The Duc de la Rochefoucault

foucault wished to abolish the title of honorary, and to admit all the nobility of France as members without any ballot; but he could not carry his point.

Bastille.

Monfieur d'Angivillers got his fervant sent to the Bastille, like a state-prisoner, for robbing him of a picture, as if the Cha-telet would not have done just as well; like a man who works a common sum by Algebra, when division and multiplication in plain figures will answer all his purpose.

*Singularities in the affairs of Europe in the
Year 1789.*

The house of Austria was suppressing its religious establishments. France was
com-

compelling the church to lay its spoils upon the altar of liberty.

The patriots of Holland were taking refuge in Brabant, and the patriots of Brabant in Holland. England, Prussia, and Holland, were forming a Protestant association for the defence of the Catholics.

Banque Nationale.

Pour faire une banque nationale il faut tout reduire à la simplicité d'un livre de compte, dressé par le bon sens, et gardé par la bonne foi.

Money.

The French King, who was so very lately both the fountain and reservoir of all the coin in his dominions, can now

command no more gold or silver than his Holiness the Pope, whose traffic is in paper. This is no new case; Horace has handed down to posterity a certain King of the Cappadocians, who abounded in subjects, but had nothing to pay them.

“ Mancipiis locuples eget æris Cappadocum Rex.”

Thus Louis Seize is full of paper-money, but in hard cash is wretchedly deficient.

Had Carle Vanloo, who was a pretty painter, but a bad accomptant, lived in this dearth of specie, he might probably have been brought to understand that fifty louis d'ors were more than twelve hundred livres: the story they tell of Vanloo is, that when he went to receive his pension, he was paid fifty louis d'ors, which he threw back, saying, he knew nothing
of

of fifty louis d'ors ; that his pension was twelve hundred livres, and insisted upon having them.

Bourreau.

The office of a public executioner is useless and inhuman, why should we not substitute a machine ?

Public Executions.

The inutility of these bloody scenes is already too well known. The same thing takes place after a public execution, as after the exhibition of any other public spectacle. The miser goes back to his hoard, and the oppressor returns to his injustice.

Sylla.

Sylla.

The character which the French seem so justly to have acquired for savage brutality and unexampled cruelty, belonged probably to their ancestors in the times of ancient Rome. Sylla punished a soldier with death, who refused to cut down his comrade, by first cloathing him in a female dress and then throwing him into the Tiber. Sylla ever preferred the Gauls as soldiers for their wonderful dispatch in pulling a body to pieces, *à depecer un cadavre*, “*mirè in corpora sæviebant.*” See Plutarch and the Historians.

Bon Mot

D'une dame à l'Assemblée Nationale qui disoit en voyant le clergé bien agité sur la question de la vente de leur biens : Messieurs, on vous rase, si vous remuez tant vous serez coupés.

Man of Letters.

Cardinal Bernis being asked which he would prefer, if he might have his choice, to be Minister or Man of Letters, answered, Man of Letters, ever when I am alone.

Le Cardinal de Fleury

Said, he had seen the two ends of the world, La Trappe and the Court; but had he lived in these days, he would have seen more, he would have seen the two ends meet and the monks at court.

Learned Men.

When I had occasion to speak of Monsieur Clavier in my Eleventh Letter, I said nothing of the edition of Petronius which he is about to publish. He showed me some corrections of the text that I thought very ingenious and not less true; and which, I have not the smallest doubt, will appear in the same advantageous light to every good judge of ancient literature.

As

As I have said thus much, I will produce an instance, and one instance of Mr. Clavier's ingenuity published before its time, will do no detriment to a work, '*ubi plura.*' The place I allude to is in the twenty-eighth chapter of the quarto edition, p. 99. Burman: '*Tres Iatraliptæ in conspectu ejus [Trimalchionis] falernum potabant: et cum plurimum rixantes effunderent, Trimalchio hoc suum propinasse dicebat.*' The meaning of the word *propinasse* is by no means an easy word to guess at. Some are for inserting *genium* after *suum*, others would read *propitiasse*. But if you believe Monsieur Clavier, the reading is PROPE NASCI, which means, that the wine Trimalchio drank grew on his own estate; and, indeed, it is said somewhere, that he had every thing within himself. *Omnia prope nasci, i. e. domi.* See ch. 38.

Vernet.

Vernet, the famous painter of sea-pieces, lived to see the second year of French liberty, and died at the advanced age of seventy-six, under the Revolution, indeed, but during a sort of interregnum, between the dregs of the old Government and the scum of the new.

This remarkable painter was much attached to his profession and loved his art ; of which the famous story of his being tied to the mast in a storm of lightning is a sufficient proof. He began early to paint sea-pieces behind the chaises à porteur, on which his father was at work. His pictures in his first essays are said to have shown no marks of infancy, or in his last, of old age.

Manglare was Vernet's master at Rome, whose excellence consisted in painting fine Italian skies, soft breaks of morning light, and the pomp of the setting sun. His genius was of the picturesque kind, as Poussin's was of the poetical.

Paris.

The most imposing scene at Paris for its grandeur is the key of the Louvre, where to the right is the Seine à regret fugitive, and to the left are vast palaces, and superb castles, majestic avenues, and magnificent gardens.

Caen.

Is a city become famous for its riots and disturbances, of which no notice is taken

by the magistrates, and no punishment inflicted on the culprits. A Democrate being asked at Paris, what he would do if he were found guilty of setting fire to a castle? Do, says he, why I would go to Caën, where there is neither judge, justice, or lamp-post.

L'Orgie de la Cocarde.

The famous dinner at Versailles called L'Orgie de la Cocarde, was not paid for last year, and most probably still remains undischarged. The dinner was ordered for 150 at 26 livres a head without including wine, liqueurs, or coffee. It would be somewhat singular, no doubt, if the National Assembly were petitioned to pay for this military festival.

Sermon.

A priest in the pulpit at Chaillot, appearing to the audience to bear hard upon the Revolution and the present times, was silenced and pulled down from his rostrum, and his sermon taken from him ; when the discourse came to be examined, it was found to mean no such thing, and bore marks of remote antiquity in its yellow ink and early date.

Les Cordeliers.

The district of the Cordeliers being questioned, why they had detained a waggon going to Limoges loaded with gold and silver in ingots, said, They did it to prevent the specie being exported to the frontier towns.

Citoyen du Monde.

La prophetie de Goldsmith.

Tandis que les Suedois marchent sans s'en douter vers le despotisme, les François recouvrent insensiblement leur liberté. Son genie est dans ce moment deguisé ; pour peu qu'il y ait encore deux ou trois ministres dissipateurs, ou foibles, ils se forceront se montrer à decouvert ; et les François renaitront à la liberté, et au bonheur.

Elm.

The elm planted by Henry the Fourth is in the Luxemburg gardens on the right hand above the marble stair-case.

Monastery.

My imagination pleads strongly for the low cloister, and the high garden-wall, but my reason condemns all monastic institutions.

Aristocrate.

The anagram of this disgraced and persecuted word is Iscariot.

Revolution.

Voltaire foretels, that the Revolutionists shall drink the costly wines of the Monks, and coin the gold crowns of the Saints, but the Frenchmen complain,
that

that the swans of the poets are all geese,
and their gold bell-metal.

Boit le muscat des peres Bernardins,
Frappe en ecus l'or qui couvre les saints.

L'Eveque de Bayeux.

The Bishop of Bayeux, in the second year of the Revolution, protested against the acts of his clergy, because they had not elected him their Deputy in the National Assembly, upon which he was called the first Protestant Bishop.

Lanterne.

Lanterne de Diogene
C'est en vain que l'antiquité t'élève!
Malgré ta reputation,
Tu n'es rien en comparaison
De la lanterne de la Grèce.

Liberté.

Liberty is by no means that brilliant chimæra of perfect equality which some men have falsely conceived it to be, but the submission of all orders to their head or chief, and a resignation to the laws which are made equally for all.

Despotism.

Despotism degrades its victims till they lick the hand that oppresses them ; and the magic of the fine arts blots out the image of freedom till nothing remains but the name, which, like *Libertas* on the chains of the galley-slaves, adds insult to servitude.

Chan-

*Chanſon de 1740 quand le pain étoit à
4 ſous $\frac{1}{2}$ et à 5s. la livre.*

Richlieu, Mazarin, & Fleuri,

Miniftres empyriques,

De tous nos maux nous ont guéri

Par diverſes pratiques.

Richlieu ſaignoit ; Mancini

Purgeoit à toute outrance ;

A la diete celui-ci

Reduit ſon ordonnance.

Assignats.

We hear continually of the burning
of assignats, but never of the plates
being destroyed.

Le moule exiſte toujours.

Mira-

Mirabeau

Died insolvent, and Monf. Frochot came to the National Affembly to announce it, in quality of the executor of Mirabeau. The relations were not pleased with Mr. Frochot, and thought fuch a declaration added no luftre to the deceased, or his family. Mirabeau's debts amounted to five hundred and fifty thousand livres, and his effects, it is calculated, will produce five hundred and twenty-three thousand. The following is an accurate statement of the whole of Mirabeau's property :

La Bibliotheque vaut fans	<i>Liv.</i>
folie — —	90,000
Maison du Marais à deux	
lieues de Paris —	140,000
	Assignats

Affignats trouvés à sa mort	22,000
Chevaux vendus —	12,000
<i>Item</i> Garderobe et linges	15,000
Argenterie & bijoux	30,000
Baguier — —	10,000
Sa legitime (en dispute) dont il n'a rien reçu depuis 1777 — —	194,000
Ses pendules & meubles pas encore vendus	10,000
	<hr/>
	523,000

F I N I S.

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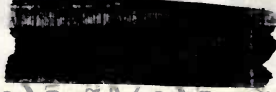
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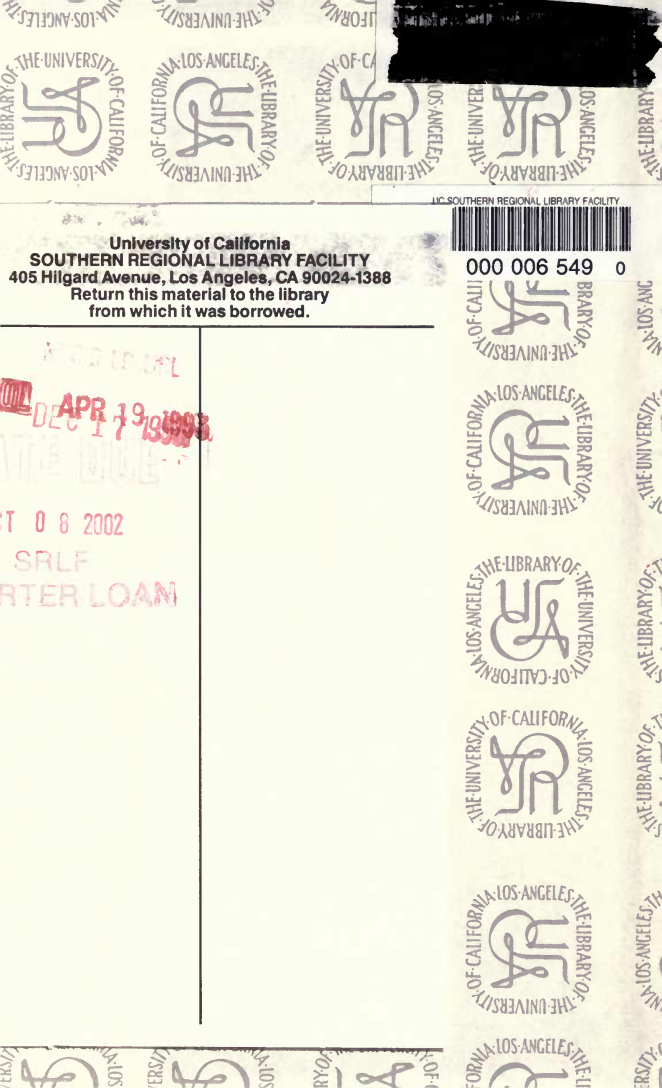
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